HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXV.—No. 1261.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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AN INTERIOR INVESTIGATION.

TO BE A CABINET CRITIC (UP TO 1877) AND A CABINET JOBBER (FROM 1877 TO 1881) ARE QUITE DIFFERENT THINGS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 68 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued February 15, contains "A Ripper," an exciting coasting story, by* W. O. STODDARD, *illustrated by* GRAHAM; *Chat No. III. on Philately, that will interest all young stamp collectors; "My First Muff," a poem, illustrated; Chapter Ten of "Toby Tyler," in which Mr. Stubbs distinguishes himself as a guest at a dinner party, illustrated; "Stanley's Great Journey," an article on the great explorer's discoveries in Central Africa, by* WILLIAM L. ALDEN, *illustrated; "A Strange Valentine," a charming story for girls; Chapter Three of "Phil's Fairies," by* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *illustrated; "The End of My Monkey," by Jimmy Brown, with six illustrations; a page of Valentine Sketches; a full Post-office Box, with an especial Valentine design as a heading; and many other attractions.*

AFTER THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

EXCEPT for one vital question, and for the fact that the civil service is filled mainly with Republicans, the administration of General GARFIELD, like that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, would probably see a reconstruction of parties. Our politics, as in the ADAMS administration, are now largely personal. Both of the great political households are more sharply divided among themselves than against each other. The Democratic effort at reorganization in New York, and the Republican speculations upon the GARFIELD cabinet, with the comments upon Executive appointments, show this bitterness and this personal tendency. The late Presidential election revealed a singular equality of votes on both sides. Each candidate carried nineteen States. The electoral majority, although decisive, was not large, and according to the returns, after the forcible suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, there was apparently a small popular majority for the Democratic candidate. But these facts, however they may illustrate a tendency to a constant equal division of opinion, throw no light upon the causes of division. If there were a complete reorganization of parties, an election might show the same equal proportion of numbers as now, but the units would be very different. For instance, if the paramount question were the tariff, or the treatment of corporations, or any other question of administrative policy, each new party would be made up of members of both the old parties. Therefore, if the Republican party, which is now dominant, should break, the result would be the practical dissolution of the Democratic party, because a union upon new issues would follow between large sections of both the present parties.

That the party situation remains unchanged is due chiefly to the vital question of which we have spoken. This works for party cohesion more strongly than intestine feuds for party division. When the anti-machine Republicans contest a nomination and are defeated, they are derided with withering sarcasm as white-livered Pharisees who are fit only to grace a conqueror's triumph. But the rejoinder is obvious. They make their contest as Republicans, and they acquiesce in the result simply because they consider Republican ascendency, even with serious drawbacks, preferable to Democratic control of the government. Of course Democrats, who prayerfully hope to see such Republicans break up their own party, are angry, and vent their disappointment in contemptuous flings at those who will not pull the Democratic chestnuts out of the fire. But the same silly Democrats are furious with the KELLY faction for doing in the Democratic party what they sneer at anti-machine Republicans for not doing in the Republican. Machine Republicans are equally uneasy and snarling, because they can not tell at what point their independent brethren may decide that Republican abuses are worse than Democratic dominance, and vote accordingly. The capital fault of Democratic tactics is that Democratic leaders have not destroyed the bond of union between machine and anti-machine Republicans—a bond stronger than the mutual hostility which draws them apart. Democrats have shown their character, and the probabilities consequent upon Democratic ascendency, by wretched tricks and intrigues: by the fraud investigating committee and the GARCELON plot, by the BICKNELL resolution and the trumpery MORGAN declaration about the Vice-President, by shirking the opportunity of securing a peaceful method of counting the electoral vote, and by attempting to coerce the President to violate his duty by a threat of stopping the government. This is part of the sorry story of the late partial Democratic ascendency. But while the Democratic party has tried diligently to dodge into complete power, it has done nothing whatever to dispose of the issue which holds machine and anti-machine Republicans together, and which makes reformers and BLAINE men and HAYES men and CONKLING men and every other Republican man's men combine to retain the government in Republican hands.

That issue is the forcible suppression of the right of suffrage in a large part of the country. So long as this continues, anti-machine Republicans will vote upon national questions with machine Republicans, at least until some other issue seems to them still more important. This issue of suppression of the vote is the present form of the chief political contest in our history from the beginning, the conflict for permanent dominance between the North and the South. The names are sectional, but it is only superficially a contest of sections. In essence, it is a conflict of principles of civilization. If the Democratic party acquiesce in the crime against the fundamental principle of the government, namely, the free voting of every qualified citizen, the political situation will remain practically unchanged during the GARFIELD administration, unless personal jealousies should be indulged so far as to defeat the party. The GARFIELD national administration will undoubtedly do what the CORNELL State administration has done. It will rely upon its Republican friends. But it will be very severely watched and criticised. The reform element of the party will look anxiously to see the significance of the cabinet, nor will it study less closely the administrative changes that may be attempted in minor places. Either the political use of patronage in the minor civil service will be forbidden, in which case there will be many changes proposed in order to prevent such use, or the old course will be pursued of gradually filling the chief offices with active political friends of the administration, in which case, also, many changes will be attempted. We say proposed and attempted, because the Senate, by an understanding which is a usurpation, has deprived the Executive of much of its constitutional authority. An abandonment by President GARFIELD of the methods of minor appointment successfully established by President HAYES would greatly disappoint the expectation of a class whose votes are often decisive. They remember the repeated Republican demands for the correction of abuses in the civil service, and General GARFIELD'S severe condemnation of those abuses, and they naturally expect him to continue and to extend the good work already begun. The effect upon the Republican party of an abandonment of that work would be measured by the extent of the conviction that civil service reform is a more vital question than the suppression of the colored Southern vote.

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS.

THE bill admitting members of the cabinet to seats in Congress, and to a participation in the debates upon the business of their respective departments, and requiring them to attend upon two days in the week to give information called for by resolution, but all under somewhat restrictive rules, proposes a change which has advantages, but against which something is to be said. The presence of any person upon the floor to be catechized, and without the right of voting, is never agreeable to the person, and in the case of a member of the cabinet would be peculiarly disagreeable, as an unnecessary derogation of dignity. A written and detailed reply in answer to a request for information seems to be, under our system, in every way preferable. Appearance before a committee is different, because there is then simply an inquiry; but to take part in the proceedings of a legislative body as an inferior, permitted to speak, required to answer, but forbidden to vote, may be constitutional, but it is of very doubtful desirability.

We say under our system, because our system is very different from that of Great Britain. The members of the cabinet there are members of Parliament and the leaders of the majority in the House of Commons. They originate legislation, explain and defend it, and rally their associates to its support. They are, in a word, the responsible Administration. In the British system the executive and the legislative branches of the government are blended. The real Executive is a committee of the legislative majority. The defeat of that committee leads to its resignation, and to a change of its policy.

All this is unknown to us. The legislative and executive branches in our system are carefully separated. At this moment they are of different politics. The head of the executive branch recommends legislation, but he can not initiate it; and if his recommendation be disregarded, or, being adopted in a proposed law, defeated, he does not resign. The members of the cabinet are his secretaries, whom he removes at pleasure. Should they appear upon the floor of Congress, and earnestly advocate a measure as of the highest necessity, they could not even vote for it, and upon its overwhelming defeat they would return to their offices. Nobody can take part in a debate with much moral weight who can not vote upon the question. The tendency of our government is to the absorption of the executive by the legislative branch. One significant sign of the progress of that tendency is the assumption of the power of appointment by the Senate. Another would be the compulsory attendance of members of the cabinet as non-voting members of Congress. Congress is the immediate representative of the popular will, elected every two years. If the cabinet proposes or urges legislation which is defeated, it is presumably rejected by the people. Why should not the cabinet then resign, as misrepresenting the popular will? Undoubtedly for the same reason that it does not resign now. But if it be wise to bring them into Congress, is it not wise to make the whole system correspond?

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PATRONAGE.

WE sometimes receive a letter inclosing a notice of an appointment or a removal apparently in violation of sound principles of administration, and we are triumphantly asked what we think of Mr. HAYES and his civil service reform. Our reply is ready. We think that Mr. HAYES has done more for a reform of the civil service upon sound principles than any President in our history. We also think, as we have often said, that he has done much that is flagrantly inconsistent with such principles, and that he made a disastrous mistake in not enforcing his executive order of June, 1877. At the time, we supposed the hesitation to be merely a warning, and that action would follow. But it did not follow, and that was the root of the trouble which the Administration has encountered. Mr. EVARTS is reported to have said that it was supposed if the Administration did not use the offices for its own advantage, that public opinion would sustain it. Public opinion would have sustained it if the Administration had also prevented the offices from being used for any other personal advantage, and had required officers not to be political managers and agents. Despite the uproar of professional politicians, the President might safely have appealed to the country upon this point. Nobody could have accused him of taking an unexpected course. He had made this subject the chief topic of his letter of acceptance and of his inaugural address. He had renounced in advance a second term. Of his right, it seems to us, there could be no question. The President is the head of the Executive Department. If he were of opinion that the patronage of office should not be used for political and personal ends, he was bound to make that the rule of the Administration at every point, and, in order to make it so, to remove those officers who politically misused their patronage, and who justified the misuse. If he had requested the resignation of those who notoriously practiced this abuse, and had nominated for their places those who honestly held his own principles, the Senatorial patronage-mongers would, of course, have opposed him desperately. But even if, by the abuse of the power of confirmation, they had defeated him, had he still persisted, throwing upon the Senatorial "bosses" the responsibility of defeating his evident purpose of sound reform, public opinion would unquestionably have sustained him, and mere machine politics would have been terribly shattered. But unfortunately he had said that he would not remove officers who were technically honest and efficient, forgetting that such officers might be the most effective agents of the very evil of patronage and political intrigue which he wished to extirpate, and that the only sure extirpation of the evil was the removal of the officers.

We have always regretted this failure to maintain the position which he had taken, although we know how little support his views received in the cabinet except from the Secretary of the Interior, and how they were scouted in Congress. But, despite every failure and inconsistency, we are far from supposing the President to be insincere, or from admitting that what he has not done, or has done wrongly, has neutralized the real service that he has effected. That service consists in introducing and maintaining in the two chief offices of their kind in the country, the New York Custom-house and the New York Post-office, a system of appointment by proved merit and without personal favor or influence, and in sustaining the system for nearly two years against the most contemptuous and rancorous and insidious hostility. Thus in the Custom-house, so long the head-quarters of patronage politics in this State, the reformed system of appointment within the range of places to which it has been applied—and there are 1013 such places in a total of about 1200—has established both the entire practicability of such a system of appointment and the increased value of the service it provides. Of these 1013 places, 729 are open to competitors not in the service, the others being promotions. Up to December 1 there had been 860 persons examined, and of these 134 have been appointed strictly according to the results of the examination. During the same period there were 44 promotions in the Collector's office, and 37 were of persons who had been admitted to the lower grades under the rules; and of 28 promotions in the Naval Office, 25 were of those so admitted. That is, of 72 promotions by competition, 62 were of persons appointed under the new system.

Mr. CONKLING has introduced resolutions of inquiry concerning appointments and removals at the Custom-house, and we trust that the scope of the inquiry may be so enlarged, and that the response of the Secretary of the Treasury may be so ample and detailed, that the public may learn the whole and precise truth. If there have been evasions of the rules, let them be known, and also their number and character, and the proportion they bear to the honest enforcement of the rules. The disclosure of such evasions, indeed, if there are any, would naturally give poignant pain to Mr. CONKLING and his friends, under whose auspices the rules of nine years ago were so scrupulously and honestly enforced, both in letter and spirit; but these gentlemen and Mr. CONKLING would doubtless gladly sacrifice their feelings to the promotion of the cause which they have so closely at heart. If some evasions of the rules should be discovered, it would appear that the evil traditions were so strong, and the hostility of Falstaff politicians, "who follow for the reward," so persistent, that, out of some 140 or 150 appointments, a few may have been irregularly made. But let all the facts of the reformed system be truly told; and whatever evasions there may have been, the public will be surprised and gratified by the results achieved wherever the rules have been honestly enforced. These results are not generally known. But within the prescribed range the working of the reformed system excludes almost entirely both "heelers" and "bosses," and secures efficient and capable men, who, not being obliged to keep themselves in favor with a boss, have plenty of time to attend to their duties, and to repel the extortions of political leeches. A President who has done this, although he has done other things which are absolutely inconsistent with it, is entitled to the sincere gratitude of every man who knows the necessity of reform. The assertion that his inconsistency has totally discredited reform, and has indefinitely postponed it, is merely silly. It assumes that not to do everything is to do nothing, and that inconsistency is treachery. The great service of President HAYES to reform is to have shown it to be perfectly practicable, and the reformer who does not appreciate the value of that service is either very dull or very unreasonable.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE has been no individual literary or spiritual force in this generation greater than that of CARLYLE. But, like other representative men, he was only the most powerful voice of a movement common to many minds. The spirit of the age was articulate in him, and his paper upon Sir WALTER SCOTT is a most manly and pathetic farewell of the old time from the new. Nothing truer and nothing finer of SCOTT was ever said than the words of the later Scotchman, and the same penetrating, sympathetic genius saw and told the story and significance of BURNS in a way which will not be surpassed. But the intellectual and moral condition which produced CARLYLE also produced the admiration and recognition of his genius. It was a part of the Goethean development of which COLERIDGE was the first English exponent, and which was so natural to the American mind that it was here that CARLYLE was first truly appreciated. The genius of our EMERSON was fed with the same fire, and it was EMERSON who first collected the papers of CARLYLE from the reviews, saying in the preface that many readers would recognize in them words which had spoken to them with an emphasis that had hindered them from sleep. In EMERSON'S own earlier addresses, two or three years later than the appearance of *Sartor Resartus*, the central doctrine of that work was enforced with perfect originality, and with a lyrical grace of eloquence unrivalled in literature. LONG-

FELLOW's most famous poem followed soon after with the same Goethean refrain, but in all of them, CARLYLE, EMERSON, and LONGFELLOW, it had a moral earnestness which it lacks in GOETHE.

"Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

This was the gospel of CARLYLE. It was preached by him in the most eccentric manner, often grotesque and even exasperating, but with a power and often with a splendor that were inspiring. His style was as unique and as little of a model as that of MICHAEL ANGELO in another art. But in graphic and picturesque vigor, and in a wild, grim humor, it is unsurpassed. Thus in the "Fritziad," as his *Life of Frederick the Great* is called, which to most persons is the most irritating of his works, the personal description of FREDERICK with which it opens is a masterly literary portraiture, very much more vivid than MACAULAY's, and the battle-pieces throughout the volumes are incomparable. The tone of his writings is almost that of despairing moral protest. No story of him is more characteristic than that which represents him as repelling the compliment that he had done good. "I have done no good. Nobody does any good. There is no good in the world." Yet it is a serious error to rate CARLYLE as a misanthrope. At bottom it is not hatred of men, it is yearning sympathy and profound pity, which really inspire his impatient taunts. It is a horrible tragi-comedy to him that men who can be as gods are content to be as beasts; and his admiration of sheer brute force, his apparent contempt of justice, and scornful wrath with mildness and gentleness, spring from his intense consciousness that in dealing with the imminent evils of the world, mildness is a perilous waste of opportunities, since with inexorable force alone can they be successfully encountered. This disposition put him in apparent sympathy with detestable tyranny and crime. He ridiculed our antislavery movement. He wished Ireland to be sunk in the sea for twenty-four hours. He defended Governor EYRE. He spewed out "rose-water philanthropy" of every kind. But the *Burns* and the *Sartor Resartus*, the *French Revolution* and the *John Sterling*, are indestructible proofs of his deep humanity and tenderness, as well as of his profoundly melancholic temperament.

CARLYLE's quickening touch upon the conscience of his time, the impulse to high thinking and heroic living which his genius unquestionably gave to the generation that knew him in his prime, are those of a sad and sorrowful and impatient man, perhaps, but not of a misanthrope. SWIFT was a cynic. But no cynic does the work that CARLYLE did. His strength lacked serenity and patience, but there is throughout all his long series of works a profound faith in sincere and manly endeavor, and a lofty exhortation to uncompromising loyalty to duty. His life was wholly that of a scholar, but of a scholar who holds that scholarship is not pedantry, but a power with great practical obligations, an accumulation of the riches of all knowledge, not for a selfish delight, but for a universal benefit. Without office, without rank, without wealth, CARLYLE is one of the great names and great powers of his country and his time, whose fame will perhaps ultimately rest less upon his literary works than upon his influence upon the life and thought of his contemporaries.

GOOD NEWS.

THE Senate has passed a resolution declaring that the Vice-President has no constitutional authority to decide what electoral votes shall be counted. It is perfectly sound doctrine, as we held in 1876; but it is incomplete without Mr. EDMUNDS's amendment, which was rejected, that neither has Congress constitutional authority to decide. It is, as Senator MORTON said, an omission of the Constitution. The only valuable part of the resolution as adopted is Senator HOAR's addition to it, "that it is the duty of Congress, without delay, to institute measures to secure the due and orderly performance of such duty in the future."

There is no more urgent truth than that. Mr. BLAINE said, very forcibly, that in the most important crisis that can confront any people or any government—the law of succession—the people of the United States are to-day without law, and that taxation and tariff and funding bill and public debt are questions subordinate to that which may at any moment plunge the country into civil war. Mr. BLAINE announced that on the first day of the spring session he should propose a committee of five—two Democrats and two Republicans, with Senator DAVIS as chairman—to consider and report a proper plan at the next regular session.

This is good news, and Mr. BLAINE's action will be heartily applauded by every man in the country who agrees with him that the government has had no severer strain than the dispute of 1876, except the war. It may be confidently hoped that President GARFIELD will strenuously recommend to a Republican Congress the settlement of a constant and incalculable danger, which a Democratic Congress, loudly swearing at "fraud," has culpably neglected.

A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

THE late Judge DAWSON A. WALKER, who died a few days ago at his home in Dalton, Georgia, was a fine specimen of the native white Southern Republican. He was born in East Tennessee; was taught in a log school-house; graduated at the Knoxville University, paying his way by himself teaching in the log school; studied law, and settled in Georgia, where he was made Judge of the Superior Court upon the Union ticket in 1861, and at the end of the war was promoted to the Supreme Bench. He was a friend of Attorney-General AKERMAN, and at his instance Judge WALKER was appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission in 1871. He was nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Georgia in 1872, but was defeated.

Judge WALKER was a man of great simplicity of mind and manner, and of a quiet rectitude which nothing disturbed. The subject of a reform in the civil service was new to him, but his good sense and his experience in a part of the country unfamiliar to his associates were of great service in their amicable discussions, and the kindly respect and regard which he inspired were never disturbed. It is to men like Judge WALKER among the older generation, and to the youth of a new generation who do not embrace the errors and prejudices of a section because it is their section, to whom the country must look for the final blending of "the South" with "the North." Judge WALKER was an active and honored member of the Baptist communion.

IMPROVEMENTS AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE trustees of Columbia College design to cover with new buildings all of the available space on the College grounds, including that upon which the building formerly occupied by the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb now stands. At present, however, only one of the contemplated improvements will be undertaken. Two buildings will be erected, according to the plans of Mr. C. C. HAIGHT, consisting of the library, and a passageway from the under-graduate department to the School of Mines, including staircases, and store-rooms for books, apart from those occupied by the library. The library itself will be one hundred and ten feet in width on Forty-ninth Street, extending eighty feet to the rear. The first floor will be occupied with lecture-rooms and offices, and the rest of the building will be devoted to the purposes of the library.

Provision will be thus made for increase of the library as the means of the institution will allow, or as the liberality of donors may suggest, who may be sure that ample space will be available for the proper accommodation of all literary treasures which may be intrusted to the care of this venerable and active corporation.

The erection of beautiful and permanent buildings in the airiest and most delightful part of the city is the evidence that Columbia College proposes to remain an urban university. By the ability and renown of its teachers, by the resources of its library and collections, and by its convenient situation, it will attract to its spacious halls students from every part of the country.

FREE SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

IT might be fairly supposed, from the passionate protests and conduct of the Irish members of Parliament, that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER and Mr. BRIGHT were STRAFFORD and CROMWELL and CORNWALLIS revived, who were engaged in a conspiracy against the dearest rights of Ireland, and that an instant appeal to arms against them was only a question of expediency. But what is the crime of these men? Simply this: they are proved and constant friends of Ireland who propose to remedy the ills of which the Irish members complain, and who ask power, pending the discussion of their measures, to protect innocent Irishmen against outrage and murder. This is the offense of Mr. GLADSTONE and his associates.

It is no wonder that the whole body of English Liberals, Radicals, Whigs, and Tories of every degree, with the exception of two men, Mr. COWEN and Mr. LABOUCHERE, unite to condemn the preposterous conduct of the Irish members, and to sustain Mr. GLADSTONE's government. Mr. PARNELL professes that his agitation is peaceful, and his Parliamentary obstruction legal. The answer is that Ireland is full of outrage, and that his obstruction defeated the very object of Parliament. That object is action, not talk. Free speech is a means to free action, and when the rules of a Parliament are perverted to prevent action, the nation must see its government paralyzed, or interpose relief. The right of free speech is not abridged by a five-minute rule at a certain period in the debate, nor by requiring members to speak only once, under certain circumstances. The object is to prevent wanton defeat of the object of free speech. In 1857, Mr. DISRAELI said that "any four men might, by the forms of the House, bring its business to a close. Any four men could by the forms of the House make a dissolution of Parliament absolutely necessary. And if there was not sufficient good sense in the country to insure that these four men would never be returned again, they might destroy the British Constitution at any time." So with the Irish members. By successive motions to adjourn, to adjourn to a day, and to adjourn to an hour, the business of Parliament could have been obstructed indefinitely and without remedy. Speaker BRAND has shown himself to be a worthy official descendant of Speaker LENTHAL.

The conduct of the Irish members, however, while it repels the sympathy of reasonable men everywhere, affects neither the necessity nor the efficiency of remedial legislation. We had hoped the coercion and remedial bills would have been introduced simultaneously. But it was a matter of detail of which the friendly government was the best judge. Meanwhile the vigor and decision of the government have been evidently universally approved in England, as they are everywhere, and it will appear that Mr. GLADSTONE, whom Mr. PARNELL tried to silence in Parliament when he found that he could not obstruct Parliament, is a truer friend of Ireland than Mr. PARNELL himself.

"THE OLD STONE MILL."

A RHODE-ISLANDER complains that in a recent allusion to the remarks of Mr. FORBES, the archæologist, upon the "Old Stone Mill" at Newport, we spoke of it as the counterpart of the Leamington Mill. Our correspondent says that this remark, although often made, was never made by any one who has seen both structures, which he describes.

But our correspondent will observe that in saying "counterpart" we were quoting PALFREY. Now PALFREY, upon a question of New England history or archæology, is an authority of great weight. He discusses the question of the Newport ruin elaborately, and we are inclined to think conclusively, and his view is supported by Mr. GAY, one of the most careful of historical students. PALFREY, unfortunately for our correspondent's assertion, himself saw the Leamington Mill in 1856, having made the trip for the purpose; and he illustrates his discussion with prints of both buildings, which show that the Leamington "stone windmill," as it is called upon the spot, has six square columns, while the Newport "stone-built windmill," as Governor ARNOLD calls it, has eight circular columns. But the general resemblance is so obvious that PALFREY is justified in calling one a counterpart of the other.

Strictly speaking, certainly, eight round columns are not the counterpart of six square columns, nor is a wall of hewn stone the same as a wall of rubble stone. But it is impossible to look at the prints of the two structures and not perceive that the idea and the probable purpose of both are the same. Meanwhile we shall not quarrel with the poet who touches it with the glamour of his genius as a ruin of the Northmen, nor will any one deny the singular and captivating interest which invests this stern round tower of other days.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

WE have the pleasure of announcing that the author of "Beautiful Snow" has been at last discovered. It is no less a personage than the second President of the United States. In a letter to JOSIAH QUINCY, of January 15, 1811, JOHN ADAMS says, "We have now the third flight of beautiful snow and fine sleighing." It is pleasant to know that so vexed and important a literary question is now at rest.

PERSONAL.

THE following persons and estates are the largest tax-payers on real estate in the city of New York: John Jacob Astor, William Astor, and the Astor estate; Pierre Lorillard and the Lorillard estate; the estate of A. T. Stewart; the estates of Peter C. and Robert Goelet, Henry Hilton, Mary Pinckney, Samuel D. Babcock, R. R. Stuyvesant, A. V. Stuyvesant, A. Hemenway, J. G. Hammersley, W. B. Lawrence, Russell Sage, Amos R. Eno, A. B. Darling, George Kemp, J. Rhinelander, J. Lispenard Stewart, A. Arnold, Paul Spofford. The largest payers of taxes on personal property are William H. Vanderbilt, Moses Taylor, the Astor estate, the Lenox estate, the Isaac Burr estate, Peter Cooper, David Dows, A. T. Stewart & Co., the Peter and Robert Goelet estates, Nathaniel D. Higgins, Wilson G. Hunt, Adrian Iselin, Eugene Kelly, J. F. D. Lanier, Henry E. Lawrence, William Lattimer's estate, Edwin D. Morgan, Henry T. Morgan, Charles Morgan's estate, Jonathan Thorne, Royal Phelps, Russell Sage.

—The Rev. Dr. J. L. M. CURRY, who succeeds the late Rev. Dr. SEARS as general agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, with a salary of $5000, is a Southerner by birth, and mainly by education. He was a student of Harvard Law School, and served in the Mexican war. He served four years in the United States Congress, and subsequently was a member of the Confederate Congress, and a lieutenant-colonel of Confederate cavalry. After the war he became a Baptist clergyman, and has since been a professor in a Virginia college.

—In a recent notice of *The Calculus of Variations*, by Mr. LEWIS B. CARLL, an author who was born blind, it was stated that the book would be published by Mr. D. VAN NOSTRAND. We now learn that this was an error, and that the work, which is exceedingly valuable, is issued from the press of Messrs. JOHN WILEY & SONS, of this city.

—Mr. GOFF, the new Secretary of the Navy, is a picturesque character. He does not look over thirty. His beardless face has a good-humored, kindly, yet withal a keen expression. His dark hair is all that saves him from looking positively boyish. He is a Virginian born, and of the oldest stock in the State. When eighteen he joined the Federal army, and rapidly arose, by bravery and dash, to be major of the Fourth West Virginia Cavalry. He was for four months an inmate of Libby Prison. He is now thirty-seven years of age, and one of the most popular men of West Virginia.

—The present head of the detective service of the English police is Mr. HAMOND VINCENT, who is not much seen at the head-quarters of the department in Scotland Yard. Mr. VINCENT, though of English descent, was born in France, and educated at the Polytechnique. He embraced informing as a profession, and has carried it to its perfection. He was for a few years at the head of the Bureau of Secret Police at Paris, and was employed by BISMARCK in the Franco-German war. After the exposure of the detective system at Scotland Yard three years ago, he was employed to take charge of the English secret police, and has brought the force into a high state of efficiency.

—General ANSON STAGER, who has just retired from the vice-presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been longer in the continuous service of the company than any other official. His connection with it commenced thirty years ago, when its capital was but $300,000, operating 600 miles of wire. The Board of Directors accepted his resignation with regret, and in appreciation of his services, ordered that his salary be continued for the term for which he was elected.

—When General GRANT visited Troy a few days ago, and had, as he does everywhere, a fine reception, some of "the boys" were anxious to learn the etiquette for such an occasion, which moved GEORGE B—— to explain that it was the same as at funerals, only that in passing around you shake hands with the corpse.

—Mr. J. R. WALLER, the newly elected commodore of the New York Yacht Club, will be found to be the right man in the right place. A thorough and ardent yachtsman, a genial and accomplished gentleman, he possesses all the qualifications necessary to win—indeed, that have already won for him—the professional esteem and personal regard of the mariners who have made him their official head.

—As in all large establishments a proper distribution of labor and responsibility is essential to promptness and success, so has it been in the house of ROTHSCHILDS. Sir NATHANIEL has the longest experience in politics and finance. Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, who is a governor of the Bank of England, represents the firm on state and philanthropic occasions. Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD is the almoner of the charities of his mother, and is the graceful "society" man of the house. But no hard or fast line can be drawn between the occupations of the three brothers. Their provinces overlap and interlace. Their quickness of intelligence and warmth of heart forbid either of them to entirely abandon any one part of the vocations which make up the brilliant and useful life of the modern banker-philanthropist. Of their success in society nothing need be said. They have the means and the will to collect everything which can make life agreeable to their friends, and they have the refinement of taste and genuine kindliness of heart which make their other capacities for giving a zest to life valuable and effective. From their youth upward they have been accustomed to associate with the ablest, the most highly placed, and most charming of mankind.

—Like most fond parents who have distinguished themselves, Prince BISMARCK is desirous of transmitting place and power to his son, Count HERBERT BISMARCK, who has just become his private secretary. The young count not only looks like his father, but possesses abilities that give promise of future eminence.

—The late Vice-President WILSON was always quite frank when speaking of the depressing influences that surrounded his early years. He used to say that until he was twenty-one years old he never had a dollar in money to spend for anything. During his whole apprenticeship his master never gave him a penny but once; then he gave him three cents, and allowed him to spend it at a muster. Mr. WILSON never had but twelve months' schooling, but even in his youthful years he was an insatiable reader.

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT fails to discern any very hopeful future for the British farmer. "The conditions of agriculture in England are unfavorable for the farmer and for the public. I have preached to farmers for nearly forty years with but little result. American competition may speak to them and to our landlord class with more effect."

—Mr. BENSON J. LOSSING has changed the plan of his proposed *History of the City of New York*, and instead of limiting it to the occurrences of the last thirty years, will go back to the discovery of the island in 1609.

—The Rev. Dr. ABEL STEVENS, who for the last few years has been residing in Switzerland, engaged in literary work, has nearly ready the *Life and Times of Madame De Staël*, which will be published in two volumes by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—King KALAKAUA visits this country and England for the purpose of inducing emigration to the Sandwich Islands. He thinks it a most favorable country for small farmers who will rent or purchase moderate-sized farms. His sister rules Hawaii during his absence.

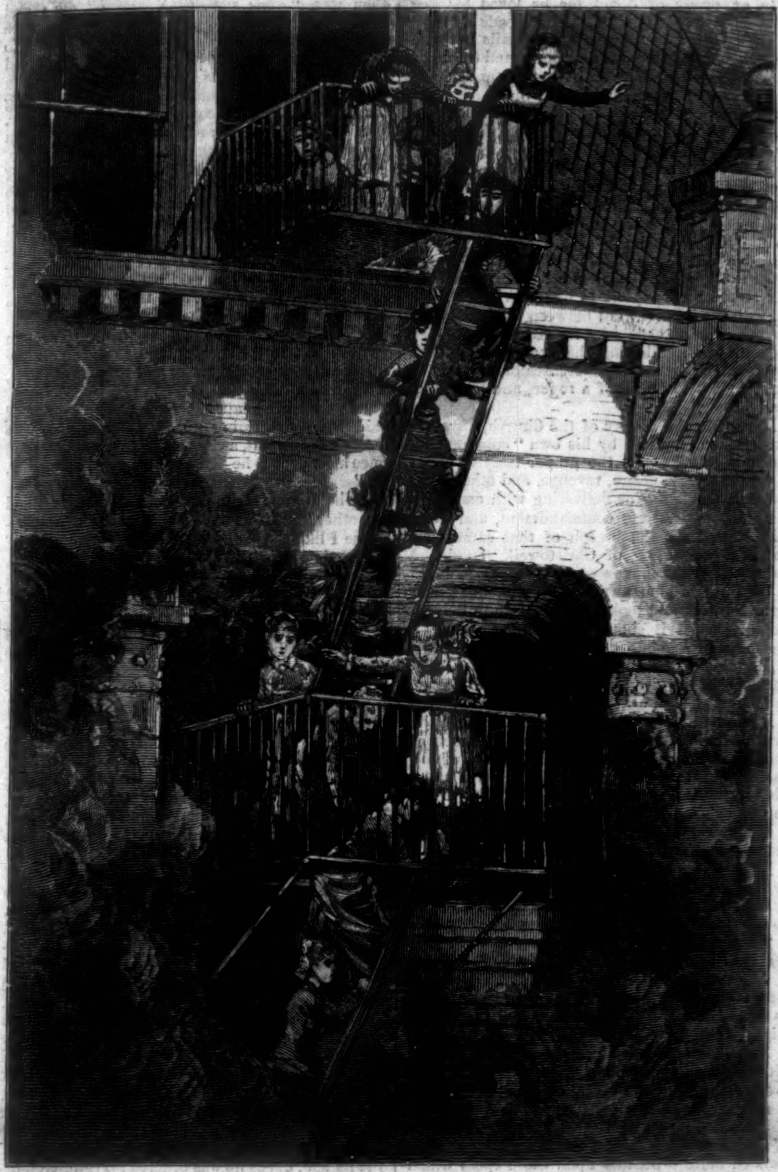
—In the last report of the Department of Agriculture, Commissioner LE DUC says that Mrs. JULIA ATZEROTH, of Braiden Town, Manatee County, Florida, has practically established the fact that coffee can be grown in that State. She has sent to the department a branch of coffee grown in the open air in her garden, and is confident it can be successfully grown further south, where frost never comes. The department has supplied her, and others in the same locality, with a number of young trees with which to enlarge the experiment.

—George Eliot seldom joked, but she always relished one that referred to one of her own books. An ignorant English bookseller advertised for sale: "Mill on the Floss; ditto on Political Economy."

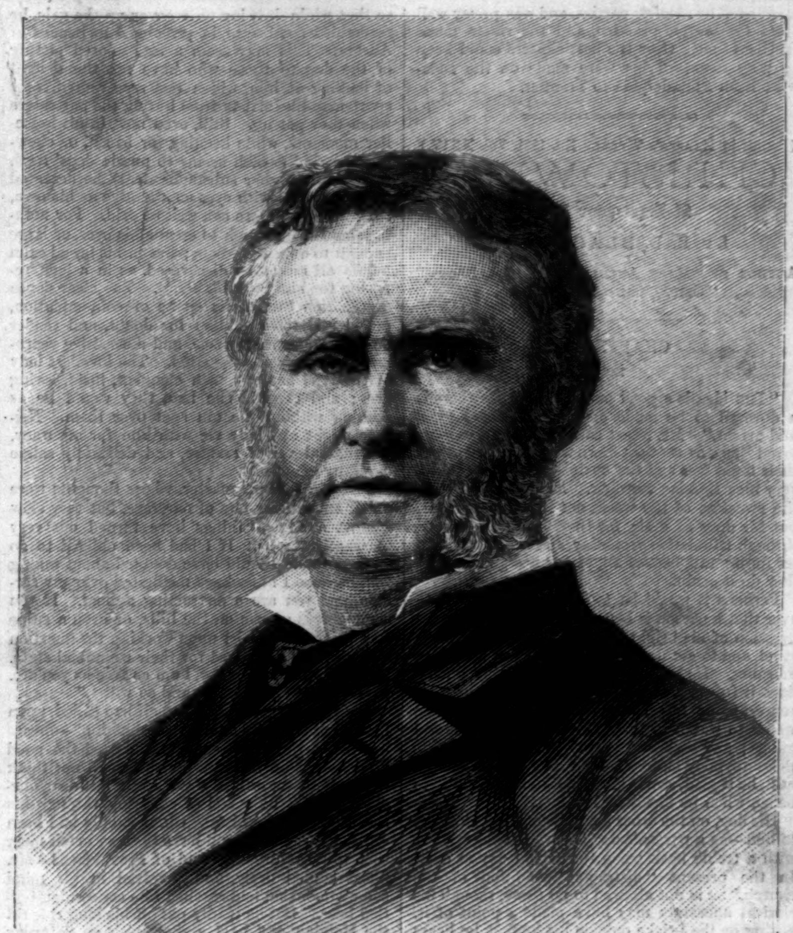
—Mr. FROUDE expresses himself in very plain language as to the extortions that are practiced upon under-graduates at Oxford, and the utter indifference to their moral and intellectual culture evinced by those in authority. Speaking of his first term, he says: "We did pretty much what we liked. There was much dissipation, and the whole manner of life was needlessly extravagant. We were turned loose at eighteen, pleasures tempting us on all sides. No dean or tutor ever volunteered to help our inexperience. The prices which we paid for everything were preposterous. The college authorities would take no trouble, and their own charges were on the same extravagant scale. The wretched novice was an object of general plunder till he had learned how to take care of himself. I remember calculating that I could have lived at a boarding-house on contract, with every luxury which I had in college, at a reduction of fifty per cent."

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

UNDERTAKER (*to Commissioner of Health*). "Allow me to thank you, as well as the Street Commissioners—for myself and my friend, the Doctor—for the kind interest you have shown in us, and the impulse you have given to our business, by allowing the City to be kept in its present condition."



A PERILOUS ESCAPE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



THE LATE REV. E. A. WASHBURN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 134.]

BICYCLING ON ICE.

THE use of the bicycle on the ice is a rather hazardous kind of sport, even for the best riders. Unless the surface is slightly roughened, the wheel is apt to slip sideways when a sharp turn is made, or when the rider puts on a sudden spurt; and some of the most experienced and skillful masters of the art have declared, after a fall or two on the slippery surface, that they will not risk another attempt.

Our sketch shows a race that took place recently on the Schuylkill between skaters and bicycle riders. The ice had been considerably

A RACE ON THE ICE—BICYCLES *V.* SKATES.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. PENNELL.

roughened by skating parties, and was pretty well fitted for bicycle practice, and the riders made excellent time. Only the best skaters could keep up with them. Trips were made on the Delaware from Philadelphia to Trenton.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

NOUS.

"THE idea is a good one. Sometimes there is a dovetail to be made of cross-purposes when laid aright." Mr. Short said this to his well-beloved Nous, as they sat down together, to consider their breakfast and the business of the day, on a very nice Monday morning. Monday morning is the sweetest of the week, not only for parsons, but for dogs as well; for they both have passed through tribulation yesterday, and are all the better for it; and, best of all, can wait a good bit ere they do it again.

Perhaps it would be too wide a statement to aver that a parson is bound officially to feel a depression of his bright, elastic, and naturally large mind, and to get up at a low level upon a Sunday morning. He means to preach admirably, and he does it (often with some drain upon his own resources); he has many sound ideas, which he wants to watch in their movement into wakeful minds; and perhaps the very last of his desires is to let anybody else come and do it better for him. Still, he is glad, and it is a proof of his humility to be so, when he has done his duty.

His dog, on the other hand, if tenderly attached to him—as a parson's dog is sure to be—rejoices with a treble bark when the trying day is over. In the present "distracted condition of the church," he is not allowed to go there, though his clerical ancestors may have made a point of it. Sitting on the bricks outside his kennel, he hears the fine call of the bells, and he smells the swing of the man and the boy who are ringing, because they both work in the vicarage garden. Then he sees a lot of people in the foot-path meadow (where a hare has a seat to his certain knowledge, and a wedded pair of partridges come almost every evening) gingerly walking with their best clothes on, and trying not to make too much noise, because they are getting near the church-yard. They have got a dog with them, and his jealousy suggests that a lay dog will be let in where he is not. He quickens in his fore-legs, and gives a distant "wuff" at him, with a shake of his ears, and a toss of his nose, and a hope that he may know how to behave himself.

Then comes his final misery, the last straw that breaks his back. He has seen the two girls go, with their Sunday stripes and flarings on, and their yellow cotton gloves, too fine for him to sniff at; also the boy who sweeps him up is gone, which was a pang to him greater than that of petticoats; but when his master comes out the back way, locks the door, and hides the key in a clump of violets, and then with his sermon in the Spanish leather case, scarcely vouchsafes him a one-handed pat, with a long reach and a sidelong passage (because of his best black kersey), and is gone round the corner, with a flutter of his tails, too full of eloquence to talk to a dog—then he puts down his tail in the hole he scratched advisedly, sits down, to keep down with it, and humbles all his arrogance and the best plumed portions of his very noble frame, by revolving on his haunches, with his nose up high supinely, and his heart appealing to his lungs, to come up with it in an unexampled howl.

Nous having passed through all this anguish yesterday, as usual, was now in the highest of high spirits this fine Monday morning. He had heard his master order the horse Trumpeter to be thoroughly well fed, and ready for a long ride at half past nine o'clock; and Nous had ascertained, without putting one objectionable question, that he was to go too. He had been to the stable, and the kitchen, and the larder, and several other places too, and all of these with one accord announced that Nous was going. If there had been any doubt about it, even at the pessimistest moment, the quantity of really fine victuals set before him was enough to convince him most delightfully. "Lay you in a broad and good foundation for the day, my friend," his master said to him, and it would have been surplusage to repeat the order.

But apart from the question of nourishment, however urgent and agreeable, this dog deserves, and in his own right demands, consideration. He was not one of those gigantic fellows who are patronized with some tender alarm concerning the issue if they take it amiss, neither was he one of those little whipper-snappers whom it is not worth while to propitiate. The first question asked about a dog by a man is almost sure to be an invidious and rude one, and mainly ungrammatical—"What breed is he?"

When John Sage, of Christowell, who was famous for shedding his own light on things, was told that a nobleman (too well known in that neighborhood) was of very long descent, he shook his head, and said that he could understand it now. "He hath not dooed it of a zudden, then," said John; "he hath a' been coomin' down all that wai." But Nous, though of long descent, was not come down like that, and the purity of his lineage shone forth in every lineament. A setter of generous birth was he, sable, distinguished with spots and gold, such as we men call "black and tan," flued, and feathered, and fringed with gold, so that while drawing on a covey up the gale, he resembled sombre night prolonged in pencils of Aurora. This may seem a rose-colored picture of the dog to those who have not the delight of looking at him, which really prevented some sportsman-like artists from hitting the partridges when they got up. Still, even now, in his homelier moments, while begging for bacon, or chewing the rind (which seems to puzzle dogs' teeth more than tougher substance does), he deserved to be regarded with eyes as attentive as his own, than which no more can well be said. For nothing was small enough to escape his eyes, or large enough to outgauge them; but in his broad calm pupils all might be discovered, as in a lens, reposing for him to think about. The clear depth of the rich brown iris spoke of contemplation, placid and too profound for doubt, and tender desire to obey and please, and a sensitive yearning to be praised and patted. The loveliest lady in the land has not such eloquent, lucid, loving eyes; and even if she had, they would be as nothing without the tan spot over them. Neither might any lady vie with him for accuracy, length, and velvet texture, and delicately saline humidity of nose.

"Nous," said his master, whose thoughts were quick enough for one of our race, but very slow against a dog's, "things have turned out very pleasantly for us. If I had been obliged to go on Saturday, I should have doubted about taking you, because I must have meditated over my sermon, and you are a distracting animal. If you come across grouse on the hills, or even a snipe or a plover, you insist upon working the question out without any regard for their connubial state. But now, upon a Monday, I am as free as you are. You shall enjoy yourself, and so will I."

For the vehement lady herself had called, upon her return from the "scene of probation"—meaning Mr. Arthur's cottage—and begged the good vicar to put off his trip, for she could not think twice about the willful Julia while her dear obedient boy lay on a bed of suffering, through his self-sacrificing heroism. Oh, if it only had been Julia, she said, it would have been so much nicer then to recognize the hand of Providence! Mr. Short smiled dryly, and revolved in his mind some rumor that had reached him concerning bottled beer. But he gladly put off his long ride till the Monday, and paid a short visit on Saturday to the interesting Dicky, who was now shedding salt tears into water-gruel, and gazing at three bottles, hatted with pill boxes, and booted to the knees with slimy sediment. Spotty stood before him, and he knew that words were vain, and the deepest sigh would be no more than a signal for a gargle.

Now Mr. Short loved both his horse and his dog; and to see them thus full of the joy of the outbreak from stable and kennel, and the glory of the air, and the hope of adventure, and distinction, and renown, was sure to set his own spirit capering with theirs, and the dark soul of man flitting into sunny places, and even the mind soaring into the air, out of which it was taken, and to which it shall return. The air was more delightful than the mind to-day, and to ride was far better than to reason.

"Halloa, Nous, you should have done your pranks by this time," the master shouted to him, as the dog stood still suddenly, amazedly, and with a headlong point, as a young dog rashly scouring does too late, when he is almost on the tails of game; "an old stager like you should know better than that. No birds can be here, yet you never stand a lark. A hare on her form, no doubt of it. Down wind on a hare, with his nose upon her back. Nous would stay there all day; I must go up and see."

It is a fine and ardent sight to see a noble dog, ranging as freely as the wind, check his long stride, stand still and stiffen, with his fore-feet planted upon the advance, his arched loins straightened into a hard strung line, his head (that was tossing on high just now) levelled and rigid as an anvil's nose, his upper lip quivering despite his iron will, and the fixed eyes laboring to learn from their own whites whether the master is hurrying up to shoot. Meanwhile the hare—for a bird very seldom bides to be considered so intently—crouches into the closest compass, with every sinew on the spring, yet still; and suppressing every ruffle of her gingery fluff, lowers the lids of her soft bright eyes, for fear of a sparkle through the russet of her flax, while she watches every hair's-breadth of her enemy, and hopes that nobody has seen her.

Expecting to rejoice in this well-known sight, and the blissful bound of the unchased hare, when the dog lies down and never stirs an inch, but bedews the ground from the fountain of his mouth, the vicar turned Trumpeter's head, and rode up, to release the good dog from his statuary state. "Toho, Nous!" he said, just to keep up the tradition, though the dog was too wise to want admonition. But, to his surprise, a great change came over the spirit of the animal, and his body also, ere ever the horse's hoofs were nigh. The first sign of weakness was a flutter of the tail, a delicate tremor of the golden brush, in which an artistic dog concludes. Then the firm line of the back relaxed, the curved ears fell, and the countenance looked foolish; and after a feeble sniff or two, the whole dog set off helter-skelter down the dingle, at whose head he had been standing like a statue. There was no hare before him, neither anything moving in the long desolation, except himself.

"Now this is to my mind a horrible puzzle," the vicar exclaimed, as he pulled up at the spot where the false point had so long held good. "Nous never chases fur or feather; and if he did, there is none here to be chased. He has made a thorough fool of himself for once. But no; I beg his pardon. There has been some scamp here, and he has killed a sheep, I see. Come back, come back, my darling, or you will get a knife stuck into you."

In an agony of dread, for he loved his dog most dearly, and the rocky dell forbade all hope of riding to his succor, he put his nails between his lips and whistled like a curlew; and the dog's obedience saved his life. In the distance down at the end of the combe a pale blue mist overhung a morass, in which a little stream lost itself. Nous, in full gallop down the winding of the grass track, stopped short at the whistle, with a big stone just beside him, and a heavy charge of duck-shot scattered peat and moss around him. But the big stone had sheltered him, and not a hair was hurt of him, while the roar of the gun rang up the hollow, and the smoke of bad powder spread a dirty blur before the clean blue mist. From the mixture of vapors a figure with a long gun strode forth rapidly to bag poor Nous; but he, with his innocent tail between his legs, and a deep (but brief) sympathy for creatures that are shot at, was swallowing the hard ground, best foot foremost, by the way that he came, and thanking his stars to be rid of a rogue, and to see his good master.

If ever, in the history of the Church, any parson has been unfitted by his own "emotions"—which is now become the proper English name of wrath, shame, desire, revenge, and other good and bad feelings—for delivering with emphasis one short and strong commandment, and thoroughly fitted for the breach of that same, that man was now vicar of Christowell. Saddened and cowed by the narrow escape, which had shaken his faith in humanity (because he understood a gun so well, and took such pleasure in its proceedings, when it shot at the proper animals), Nous lay down before Trumpeter's feet, and panted, and looked very piteously up; for his self-esteem held two deep wounds, of the false point, and of being fired at.

Having been at Winchester and New College (seats of the Muses, where they are so much at home that their language is not always foreign), Parson Short used a short word; never mind what it was, if it bettered his philanthropy. Then he jumped from his horse, and bent over the dog, in quick fear of finding some big shot-hole—so sad was his favorite's attitude and gaze.

Like every other creature, this dog most heartily loathed examination, and strove to escape it by offering paws, and by putting up his nose, as no candidate can do.

"You old humbug, you are not hurt a bit. All that you want is to be made much of, because you have made such a fool of yourself. Hi, find! fetch!—drop! Now you are yourself again. Let us see what there has been here to make such a mighty fuss about."

Nous, having flipped in and out of the heather after his master's glove, and brought it, with the greater agility of the canine mind had recovered his balance, and was equal to his duties. With his valuable nose he described exactly the outline of the form which he had taken for a hare's, and dwelled more especially upon those spots which retained the warmest impression of the shape we so admire. "He had no more than two legs"—Nous pronounced as he smelled him out—"and two things here that you call arms; and he lay upon his back, and he had no tail. And my opinion of him is that he was very dirty."

"Never mind, it is no use to think any more about it," Mr. Short replied, as his manner was, to his dog's observations; "there is no getting near the fellow, be he who he may. And since he has not hit you, my good Nous, I have chiefly to regret that the arch-enemy was so sharp as to take advantage of my anxiety about you."

Thus, in a comparatively thankful mood, these two went upon their way together, for the nature of the ground forbade all hope of pursuing the hang-dog skulker. But Mr. Short felt that his spirits were dashed, and docked of their bright April flow, by such a nasty outrage within five miles of his own warm and hospitable roof. His character was well known, and valued all over the eastern side of the moor, among the few people who dwelled or wandered there. Not a whit less known was the character of Nous, wherever there was any heart capable of valuing integrity, docility, gallantry, and faith. No moorman would ever dream of "letting off his gun"—as they always express it—at Parson Short's Nous, even if he had a gun, which very seldom happens.

It must be some fellow of the outlaw sort, was the only conclusion Mr. Short could form; such as came harboring and harassing most grievously, treading the loose foot-prints of the Gubbins family, striking every traveller with terror, and dismaying all quiet people round the verges of the waste. The great castle prison, in which all the sadness of the long moor culminates, was empty at this time, and faced the sunshine—whenever there was any—with peaceful moss. Neither warrior nor felon could have crept from out its gloom to crouch in the bog by day, and prowl among the sheep at night.

However, Mr. Short, possessing that invaluable gift, a sweet and happy mind, rode on; and a league or two of moorland breeze, in trackless space, where distant tors are the traveller's direction posts, began to make him feel how small and ludicrous is human wrath. His course lay as nearly as might be northwest, over some of the highest land of Dartmoor; for his old friend's house, which he had not yet seen, stood below the northwestern parapet of high land, two or three miles on the southwest of Okehampton, and a little way back from the Tavistock road. Well as he knew his own side of the moor, he was taken aback by some pieces of travel which he met between Yes Tor and Cranmere pool; but hitting the West Ockment near its source, he contrived to get down to Okehampton Park.

On the Tavistock road, which he was truly glad to reach, he saw, as he rode up the bank from the river, a young man walking briskly, with a handsome setter pup about six months old, and of white and lemon-color, with legs and tail as yet unfringed. The motto of Nous, as of all dogs, then was, "*canis sum, nihil canini*," etc.; and therefore up he ran, though his bronzy toes were becoming rather sore, to pass the time of day to this young member of his race. The white and lemon animal saluted him as was decent, and then kindly submitted to further inspection, lowering his tail in token of communion with his elder, with a dog of dignity and established position in the world. Nous was naturally pleased with this, although it is the duty which all pups render—if they desire to grow on into tax-payers—and he pleasantly allowed the adolescent dog to skip and vault around him, while he wagged his own tail slightly, and sniffed with a critical air at the salutation offered. Then the dog of experience warned the pup that he had said his say, and been accepted with indulgence, and must consider this interview closed, unless he were prepared to have tooth instead of tongue. Nous was very seldom crusty; but to be shot at, and to jog along for hours without seeing game, and to get raw toes, tries even a dog's philosophy.

"I take leave to apologize for my dog's growls," said Mr. Short, riding up with Trumpeter, who shook his legs out, as he felt them on a tidy road once more; "but he will not hurt your young dog, sir."

"Thank you; I am not afraid of that," replied the other. "I was only looking at your dog, because I like them, and he seems a very fine one."

"He is a very fine one, and not to be matched, I believe, in the four counties. But will you kindly tell me where Colonel Westcombe lives? It must be somewhere about here."

"Not more than a mile; and I am going straight home. You have ridden far to-day, sir, and come across the moor. My father has long been hoping to see an old friend—Mr. Short, of Christowell."

"I am the man, and you are young Jack Westcombe; or at least you ought to be, because there is no other." The vicar was so pleased to see his old friend's son, and to find him to his liking, that he shaped his sentence anyhow, got off his horse, and took him by both hands, and examined him as carefully as if he were a nag, whose price he meant to have five pounds off.

Knowing that he meant him well, and was not trying to abate him, Jack Westcombe looked him in the face with a shy but pleasant expression, and a twinkle of good-will. Then the vicar said, "Yes, you are the image of your father; only taller, and slighter, and your nose is straighter, and you look as if you stood upon your own rights more. I fear you will never be quite equal to him. That, of course, is not to be expected. Still, you may do well enough for the rising generation. We don't expect the young dogs to come up to the old ones. But march on, and let me have a good look at you. You are like your father in one thing, and that a very great one—you don't want to talk too fast, young Master Jack."

The young man, smiling at the short ways of the parson, did as he was ordered; Trumpeter, being gifted with a Roman nose, tossed it, and made good his name, by a lively blare to some large stables which he espied in the distance, and hoped to flourish there in a stall and a store *non ignobilis oti*. In reply, the rooks began to caw, the quests to flit out of the ivied elms, the little dog and the big dog to yelp and bay respectively, the gardener (who was resting on his laurels) to get up, the young lady reading in a snaily chair to gaze about; and all the other things began to embrace the rare opportunity of something like a new arrival at an ancient country house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE DR. WASHBURN.

THE announcement of the death of the Rev. EDWARD A. WASHBURN, D.D., for fifteen years past the Rector of Calvary (Episcopal) Church, in this city, was received with deep regret by a large circle of friends to whom he was greatly endeared. He had been afflicted for some time with a chronic disorder, but had only been confined to his bed during the last five weeks of his life. He was a descendant of JOHN WASHBURN, of Evesham, England, first secretary to the "Plymouth Company" which colonized Massachusetts, who came to New England in 1635, and settled at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, where his only son married a granddaughter of FRANCIS COOK, of *Mayflower* celebrity. From this JOHN WASHBURN were descended all the numerous members of Congress and Governors of Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, and Wisconsin who have borne that surname. Dr. WASHBURN was born at Boston, Massachusetts, April 16, 1819, pursued his early studies at the famous Boston Latin School and other academical institutions, and graduated at Harvard University in the class of 1838. His original Church connection was with the Congregational denomination. He studied for the ministry at the Andover Theological Seminary, and afterward at the Divinity School of Yale College, New Haven, where he graduated in 1842. During the same year he was licensed by the Worcester Congregational Association of Ministers, and preached for about six months in various places, without undertaking any pastoral charge. Shortly afterward, in 1843, he entered the Protestant Episcopal communion, and received Deacon's orders from Rev. Dr. MANTON EASTBURN, Bishop of Massachusetts, in the spring of 1844. After officiating for some months at St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, one of the oldest in New England, he was admitted to Priest's orders in 1845, and served as Lector of that church for seven years. In 1851 he went to China, where he resided for six months, returned homeward leisurely through the Malay Archipelago, India, Egypt, Palestine, and Europe, reaching the United States in 1853, when he succeeded the Rev. Dr. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, now Bishop of Western New York, as Rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Connecticut, becoming soon afterward also Professor of Church Polity at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Connecticut. He received

the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1860, became in 1862 Rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, and in April, 1865, Rector of Calvary Church, New York, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, again succeeding Rev. Dr. COXE, who had just been chosen the successor of Bishop WILLIAM HEATHCOTE DELANCEY in the diocese of Western New York. He has remained with this church ever since, and his distinguished ability made him a great favorite.

Dr. WASHBURN was of quiet and unpretentious manners; he disliked airs and graces, and was as earnest, eloquent, and forcible in his utterances as he was simple and unassuming in style. He seldom appeared at public gatherings, and avoided all sources of notoriety. He took a more than passing interest in the Evangelical Alliance, and in 1871 was a member of the American deputation which called upon the Russian Premier, Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and to him, as the representative of the Emperor of Russia, presented the famous memorial on behalf of religious liberty and toleration. He was often seen at the meetings of the Harvard Alumni Association, in whose progress he took a lively interest, and his advice and counsel were eagerly sought by the members. As a theologian, he was regarded as one of the soundest and most learned in the Church, but there was nothing polemical or dogmatic in his style, and he never pandered to the taste for striking and novel themes merely to draw hearers of a Sunday.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

THE condition of the streets of New York during the present winter has been frightful beyond all precedent even for the dirtiest city in the United States. It was bad enough when the snow and ice blockaded all our thoroughfares, and made it next to impossible for man or beast to get about; but the thaw that followed aggravated the evil, and to-day the city lies ankle-deep in liquid filth, through which pedestrians are obliged to wade and flounder. There is no such thing as picking one's way, for, with few exceptions, one spot is as bad as another, and everybody plunges in and ploughs through it without regard to consequences. At many of the crossings the icy mounds have not entirely disappeared, and these are used as stepping-stones across the pools of slush; but they are treacherous to the footing, and not a few nimble walkers have come to grief in attempting to spring from one of these slippery hills to another. The spectacle of a citizen lying on his face or back in one of these inky holes was not uncommon, and many, besides being soaked, were injured more or less by the fall. Nor was this all, for in addition to having to walk through the mire at the risk of a tumble, the traveller was liable at any moment to be spattered from head to foot by passing vehicles.

A number of incidents of mishap to luckless pedestrians have appeared in the daily newspapers. A man crossing West Street, near Washington Market, in trying to avoid a deep pool of black mud and water, slipped and fell into it. As he drew himself out, and was walking sadly away amid the laughter of the by-standers, he was seized by a truckman, who demanded a dollar for damage done to the harness of his horse, which had been vainly clutched and broken by the man in his endeavors to save himself from a fall. With dire imprecations on the condition of the streets, and the greed of truckmen, he paid the money, and walked away with a look of disgust on his face.

An exquisitely dressed gentleman, getting out of a stage in front of the Astor House, fell full length on his face, and was pasted from head to foot with mud. His overcoat was open at the time, and every outer garment had its share of the vile stuff. His silk hat fell off as a matter of course, and his forehead was so dirty that he didn't dare put the hat on again. Both hands were dripping, and his shirt front was covered with filth. When he reached the sidewalk, he stood there in an attitude of perfect helplessness, with cane in one hand and hat in the other, and an expression of despair and woebegoneness on what little could be seen of his face that beggars all description. It was the noon hour, when many were passing, and some good Samaritans among them managed, by dint of much scraping and wiping and rubbing, to get "the worst of it off," and the unfortunate man resumed his journey. To his credit, be it said, he never spoke an angry word from first to last—that is, from the time he got up until the rubbing was over—but there is no knowing what he said when he got away from the crowd.

But there is something even worse than having to wade through the slush, or getting one's clothes ruined by the mud. Mr. GILLAM, in his clever cartoon on page 132, puts the case plainly and truthfully. Filth is a breeder of disease, and unless the streets of New York are cleaned, the mortality bills will tell a frightful story. The piles of mud and refuse matter which cover the east-side thoroughfares seem to be more noisome than ever. In Baxter, Mott, and Mulberry streets, heaps of garbage and ashes nearly six feet high have obstructed the sidewalks for weeks. While the cold weather lasted, these filthy masses had the effect only of delaying traffic and obstructing foot-passengers. But since the thaw has set in, the melting snow and ice have made the matter putrid, and have rendered it as offensive to the nose as to the eye. The doctor and the undertaker may well thank the Health Board and the Street Commissioner for the pecuniary profit that is sure to be reaped from their official neglect.

With an appropriation of $800,000 a year, the streets of New York ought to be cleaned, or the people should know the reason why they are not. Things have come to a fine pass when the merchants, who suffered the loss of a hundred thousand dollars a day by the ice-blockade, have now to turn out with shovel and broom and sweep the streets themselves. It is high time that the present inefficient bureau was reformed or abolished, and some more effective means employed to insure the public welfare.

A POEM BY WINONA SILVER.

I SAT in the editorial sanctum (the chief was in Europe, and consequently I had twice as much work as usual to do) toiling through a long manuscript, and wishing with all my heart that the distinguished writer had seen fit to use the familiar letters of the alphabet instead of hieroglyphics of his own, indistinctly resembling them, when there came a light tap at the door. "Come," I called, rather sharply, for I was a little vexed at being interrupted, and the door opening slowly, disclosed a lightly clad—much too lightly clad for a cold January day; I saw that at a glance—girlish figure standing on the threshold.

"Are you the editor—Mr. Gray?" asked a very sweet, timid voice.

"I am," I replied. "Come in, please."

The girl entered, closed the door, sat down in the chair beside my desk, to which I motioned, and said never a word. I could hear her breath coming quickly, as though she were terribly frightened, and I purposely went on with the unravelling of the Oriental characters before me to give her time to recover herself; for I remembered with painful distinctness my own first call upon an editor (knowing intuitively this was a first call), when my heart, albeit it was a manly one, thumped harder than it ever thumped before or since. At last I raised my eyes from the paper. My visitor had thrown back her veil, from which dripped little drops of water—melted snow—and was regarding me with a wistful, beseeching gaze. In return, I regarded her with one of astonishment, for hers was the sweetest and most heart-touching face I had ever seen in my life, and so peculiar in its beauty that I find it hard to describe it. Big pathetic light brown eyes, with glints of gold in them; long bronze-brown lashes; hair of the palest sunshine, as though moonlight and sunshine had mingled together; slightly parted rosy lips, revealing a glimpse of small white teeth; colorless but prettily rounded cheeks; and over all that indescribable charm of innocence that is to youthful beauty, to use old and well-worn similes, as the bloom to the peach and the fragrance to the rose.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, speaking gently enough this time.

"I—have—a—story," stammered the poor little thing, "which I thought you might— It's my first—and if you only would—"

"I will look over it with pleasure," I said, as she paused, apparently unable from sheer nervousness to go on. "Leave it with me, and I promise to give it my earliest attention."

And as she handed me the roll of paper, I saw she wore no gloves, and her hands were red with the cold; but I also saw they were as exceptionally pretty as her face, with slender tapering fingers, and pink shell-like nails.

"It is not written on very nice paper," she said, rising, as I took the manuscript from her. "I had nothing but scraps of old letters, and backs of circulars and bills; but"—with a gleam of modest pride, and a glance at the hieroglyphics—"I write very plainly, and it will not take you long to read it. And when may I call for an answer?"

"To-morrow," said I, without a moment's hesitation, though I knew I ought to devote all the time I could spare from my other duties for weeks to the very lengthy contribution of the distinguished author.

"Thank you"; and she flitted away as noiselessly as she had entered.

But for the life of me I could not forget her. Wherever my gaze fell, there I beheld those great pathetic eyes, that faint golden hair, those prettily curved trembling lips. "And she was cold. Cold! I should think so—actually shivering in that thin shawl, while I, great strong fellow—" (looking at my heavy overcoat hanging on the opposite wall). "Pshaw! you may stay there to-night." And I actually went home without it, as though that would make the poor little girl any warmer, and caught a severe cold in consequence, as I might have known I would. After which ebullition I began the story, and read it through.

It was written plainly, that could not be denied; in fact, in the way of chirography, it was all that could be desired; and there were some pretty and fairly original ideas in it, and some gleams of a poetic nature; but the plot was so highly romantic and visionary, and the whole thing so evidently the work of one who had not yet even mastered the primer of authorship, that it was impossible to give it a place in the publication of which I was junior editor.

But never did the necessity of saying "No" so distress me before, not even when Alveretta Strawhorn, since known as the author of "A Riddle Solved by a Cimeter," told me that, in spite of my rejection of her novelettes, "the laurel wreath of fame would encircle her brow when I was still grovelling, the obscurest of the obscure."

I slept but little that night, thinking of it. Something told me it would almost break the girl's heart. Should I accept it, pay for it myself, and then consign it to the waste-basket? No, that would not do, for she would be anxiously watching for its appearance in print, and bringing more stories meanwhile for my consideration. What could I do? Morning found me undecided.

When I took my place at my desk, I was still undecided. And I had reached no decision when, in answer to that gentle knock, for which I had waited as I believe no editor ever waited for would-be contributor's knock before, I again called "Come." She came in, and sinking into the visitor's chair, raised her eyes in mute inquiry to my face. I searched my brain for some harmless falsehood with which to soften the blow, but those eyes compelled the truth. "I have carefully read your story," I said, "and am sorry to say it would not suit our paper." The little hands went up to the face; the veil dropped over them. I heard a stifled sob, and my heart began to ache. "But that is no reason, Miss Silver," I continued, with assumed cheerfulness, "that, with a few alterations, it should not suit some other. If you will leave it with me, I will take it home to-night, revise it, and you can try again."

The veil was tossed aside, and down came the hands. "Oh, I am so ridiculously afraid of strangers and strange places!" she said, a wan little smile shining through her tears. "I should never have dared to come here had I not heard you were one of the kindest of men. Is there nothing you can give me to do, Mr. Gray? I can read the most illegible of writing readily—a talent I inherit from my dear father—and I can copy rapidly and plainly."

Now I had nothing on hand which it was absolutely necessary that I should have copied, but a vision of the poor child toiling up dark stairs into cheerless offices, cold and frightened, with that, in its present form, unsalable story, rose before me, and I determined to make work for her until I could find her some easy, permanent employment elsewhere. So I said, quickly, as though it were the very assistance of all others of which I stood in need, "If you are willing to accept work of that kind, I can employ you two or three hours a day for a month or two, and you may begin at once."

Her eyes sparkled the thanks she did not speak. I bade her lay aside her hat and shawl, seat herself at the chief's desk, and prepare to copy the Chinese-like characters of the famous author over which I had been puzzling the day before.

She obeyed me with the simplicity of a child, and soon was bending over her task, a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, transcribing quickly and faithfully.

As for me, the sight of that tiny hand travelling over the paper with wonderful grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile drooping above it, caused some ludicrous mistakes in the article I was writing, about which mistakes I received no less than seventeen communications during the week following its publication.

The two or three hours passed away. She showed me what she had accomplished with pride, accepted payment for it with a blush, donned the summer shawl and hat, and tripped away, promising to come again on the morrow. The morrow found her punctually at her post, and so did many morrows, and at last the MS. was almost copied, and I had been unable to find any other employment for my faithful little amanuensis. Meanwhile the child had told me her sad story. Her mother died at her birth. She had never had any home, but had always lived in boarding-houses with her father, a school-teacher, who, dying a year ago, left her to the mercy of an only relative, a wealthy aunt. That aunt—Heaven forgive her!—refused to receive her, saying she had "children of her own to look after, and she saw no reason why the girl should not follow her father's profession."

"I tried to," said Winona, "but the children would not mind me. Minnie Minceitt minds me, because she loves me. I board with Mrs. Minceitt, and teach Minnie in part payment for my board. Mrs. Minceitt is not unkind to me; but she is not as kind as she was before papa died. And papa used to say I wrote excellent compositions, and so I thought, perhaps, I could write stories for the papers. And I was induced to come to you first by hearing a gentleman, a writer, praise you very highly one day. 'He is one of the kindest-hearted fellows in America,' he said. But, for all that, I came to your door three days in succession before I could get courage enough to knock. And when I did knock on the fourth day, you called 'Come' in such an awfully cross voice that I came near running away again. And on one of those three days, when I was standing outside, you were laughing and talking with a handsome young lady. I heard you, and saw her. She had the loveliest ostrich feather in her hat."

"And what has become of the story, Winona?" asked I. She had rebelled against "Miss Silver," or even "Miss Winona," at an early period of our acquaintance, on account of my being so much older than she. I was eight-and-twenty, and she ten years younger.

"My story"—with a musical laugh—"which you altered until it was almost your story? I sent it to the *Weekly Romance Portfolio*, and they accepted it; and well they might, for, thanks to you, it was very good indeed. And they sent me a check for it—a very short check for such a long story—and there it is," pointing to a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. "And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"A poem of mine, if it deserves that title;" and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and a really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, conscious that Winona was stealing a glance at me every now and then from under her long lashes, but in reality puzzling my brain, as I had a hundred times before, as to what was to become of the poor, pretty, frank, innocent girl, left alone to battle with the world.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed aloud, "it's too bad."

"Is it so very bad?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"I wasn't referring to your verses, Winona. They are very good indeed, my—I should say Winona."

"And you will accept them?"

I parried the question with another. In a flash, my heart had been revealed to me.

"Winona, will you write a valentine for me? I never could do anything in the way of rhymes myself."

"I shall be glad to do so," her voice trembling a little. "Is it to be to the handsome ostrich feather?—I mean to the handsome young lady with the ostrich feather?"

"Perhaps. Take a sheet of paper and set down in prose what you are to turn into poetry. Tell her that the first time I saw her my heart owned her for its queen; that since that bright and happy day she has never been absent from my thoughts; that I love her with sincerest love, and long to hear her say that she loves me."

The little maiden grew paler and paler as she wrote, and when she had finished, I saw the hands go half way to the saddened face, but fall again in obedience to a will-command.

"I will write it to-night, and bring it early to-morrow," she said, "for to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."

And although I reached the office earlier than usual next morning, Winona was there before me, looking, poor child, as though she had passed a weary, sleepless night.

"I have brought the verses," she said, "and I hope you will like them."

"I am sure I shall," I replied. "Read them to me, Winona."

"'When first by me—Heav'n bless the hour!—
That face of beauty rare was seen,
That voice was heard, my slumb'ring heart
Straightway awoke and owned its queen.

"'And never can it sleep again,
But filled with Love's supreme delight,
The lovely image entertain
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night.

"'But with thy image can I not
Forever, dear, contented be,
And so I pray St. Valentine
To give thy charming self to me.'

"And I hope you'll be very happy," said Winona, choking a rising sob.

"But perhaps she won't have me," said I.

"Won't have you?" repeated Winona, as though such a thing were impossible.

"She might not. But I shall soon know my fate. Here is an envelope. Please direct it."

Winona waited with uplifted pen.

"Miss—Winona—Silver."

"Miss Winona Silver!"

"Miss Winona Silver. You have written a valentine to yourself."

"And you mean it?"

"I mean every word of it. If you doubt me, add 'P. S.' in plainest prose. 'Will you be my wife?'"

"I'm the happiest girl in the whole wide world," said Winona, "and I'll never write another story the longest day I live."

I took her little hands in mine. "You never shall, my darling," I said, when the office door flew open, and in stalked the chief. "Mr. Penton—Miss Silver, my intended wife," I hastened to say, with much discomfiture, it must be confessed. "And now, Winona," I added, "run away home, and never come here again. I must not be disturbed during business hours."

"I am glad to see that you have so strict a sense of the fitness of things," said Mr. Penton, with a grim smile, which led me to believe that Mr. Warren, our scientific editor, whose desk was at the extreme end of the long room, had not been as deeply absorbed in his work at times as I had thought him to be.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE BOWERY.

No part of New York is more picturesque at night than the Bowery, with its fruit stands lighted by flaring lamps, its beer-gardens, its multitudinous drinking shops, its small hotels with big signs, its pawn shops, and street venders of all kinds. It is the great thoroughfare and market-place for a large proportion of the foreign-born population of New York, and one hears from the passers-by a strange mingling of foreign tongues. A large majority of the shop signs bear German names.

There is also a large French element in the Bowery, which, together with the German, has developed the idea of café life. The bills of fare at the entrances of the cafés, with prices annexed, show that food and drink can be obtained within at very moderate prices. There are also establishments where one can order an expensive meal, cooked by experts of Parisian training; but the more modest places attract the majority of Bowery purses.

On a Saturday night the Bowery is in its best trim for the sight-seer. As soon as it grows dusk, the fruit wagons and other "stands" begin to show their flaring torches of smoky kerosene, and the venders shout forth descriptions of their wares, and extol their wonderful cheapness. Here you will find remnants of stocks of oranges, lemons, etc., left over from the day's business in the down-town markets, closing out at any sacrifice, in view of the fact that few of them would keep over Sunday; and here and there are venders of all sorts of patent soaps, quack medicines, etc., each holding forth to a curious knot of customers, whose faces wear a singular aspect in the glare of the kerosene lights.

Among the attractions of the Bowery are the various "museums," where all sorts of queer and monstrous curiosities are exhibited for the special delight of the small boy. The entrance to one of these is shown in Mr. MUHRMAN's picture on page 140. There may be seen the well-known fat woman of portentous size, the Circassian girl with her wonderful head of hair, dwarfs, man-like apes, monkeys, pictures of thrilling and impossible adventures, while theatrical representations and musical performances vary the entertainment. These places are generally well patronized, and the visitor is well repaid who goes in to study the motley audiences.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

A STRAW RIDE—STUCK FAST IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

AN OLD-TIME SLEIGH-RIDE IN NEW YORK.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

AN OLD WIFE'S VALENTINE.

By MARY A. BARR.

THE old wife stood at her garden gate
The eve of St. Valentine's Day;
She watched for the post, that like a Fate
Just stopped and then galloped away;—
Just stopped, and then, in the waning light,
Passed over the hill and out of sight.

Her grandchild tugged at her shawl and gown,
And her daughter called, sweet and clear,
"Mother, come in, for the cakes are brown,
And the boys and father are here."
"Ah, yes," she said, "and the night is cold;
I quite forget that I'm growing old."

At breakfast lay at the father's place
A letter as white as the snow;
He looked at it with a curious face,
And said, "Now I want to know!"
The boys all smiled; the mother grew
O'er face and throat a crimson hue.

He opened the dainty letter then,
And lo! in its satiny fold
Was painted rose, and forget-me-not,
And lilies with hearts of gold;
And, under the whole, just one sweet line—
"*Forever, forever, thy Valentine.*"

He touched the note with a tender care,
And he went to his sweet wife's side;
He stroked with his hand her snow-white hair,
And he kissed her with loving pride,
Saying, with smiles and misty tears,
"*My Valentine through fifty years.*"

"Oh, boys," he said, with a youthful pride,
"After fifty years of life,
If you find in your home, and by your side,
A fair and a faithful wife,
Count your life lucky, as I count mine,
And loyally kiss your Valentine."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"FORBID A LOVE AND IT IS TEN TIMES SO WODE."

SIR VERNON showed himself especially gracious to his younger daughter and her lover next morning at breakfast, when the itinerary of their holiday was discussed. So far as his own pleasure was concerned, he would have liked nothing better than to go straight to Montreux, where a delightful villa, with a garden sloping to the lake, had been secured for his accommodation; but he did not forget that Daphne had seen nothing of Switzerland, and Edgar very little, and for their sake he was ready to make considerable sacrifices.

"I am a wretched traveller, and I detest sight-seeing," he said, languidly; "but I don't wish to spoil other people's pleasure. Suppose we make a little round before we settle down in our villa by the lake? Let us go to Fribourg, and hear the organ, and then on to Berne for a day or so, and then to Interlaken. There I can rest quietly in my own rooms at the Jungfrau Blich, while you young people drive to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, and do any little climbing in a mild way which is compatible with the safety of your necks and bones generally; and then we can come straight back to Montreux. How would you like that, Madoline?"

"Very much indeed, dear father. It will be a delight to me to go over the old ground with Daphne."

"And you, Goring?"

"I am Lina's slave—her shadow; true as the dial to the sun."

"Papa," said Daphne, drawing her chair nearer to him, and with a coaxing look which no man but a father could have resisted, "it is so good of you to propose such a charming trip, and I shall enjoy it immensely; but would it be any way possible, now we are so near, to go to Chamounix, and get to the top of Mont Blanc; or, at least, part of the way up?"

"No, my dear. Quite out of the question."

"But it is only a drive to Chamounix, and there is a diligence goes every morning."

"Edgar can take you there next year, when you are married. I am too old for a drive of fourteen hours' duration."

Daphne looked miserable. Mont Blanc was the central point of all her desires. It irked her to be so near, and not to reach the world-famous mountain. She looked at Edgar doubtfully. No; she could not realize the idea of coming back next year, alone with him. She had never been able to project her mind into that future in which they two should be one, bound by a sacred yoke, doomed to be forever together. From any casual glance at such a future her mind always shrank away shudderingly, as from the dim memory of a bad dream.

"I don't believe I shall ever come to Switzerland again," she said, discontentedly, when breakfast was finished, and her father had retired to his own room to write letters.

Madoline was sitting at work by an open window, silken water-lilies and bulrushes developing themselves gradually under her skillful fingers on a ground of sage-green cloth. The tables were covered with books and miniature stands; the room was bright with flowers, and looked almost as home-like as South Hill; but before the evening Mowser and Jinman would have packed all these things, and dispatched the greater part of them to Montreux, while the travellers went on to Fribourg in light marching order, which in this case meant about three portmanteaux per head. Some books must, of course, be taken, and drawing materials, and fancy-work, and a writing-desk or two, and camp-stools for sitting about in romantic places, and a good deal more, which made a formidable array of luggage by-and-by when Sir Vernon and his family were assembled at the railway station.

"Do you mean to tell me that we require all these things for a week or ten days?" he said, scowling at the patient Jinman, who was standing on guard over a compact pyramid of trunks, portmanteaux, and Gladstone bags, umbrellas, sunshades, and heterogeneous etceteras.

"I don't think there's anything could have been dispensed with, Sir Vernon," answered Jinman. "The books and ornaments, and most of the heavy luggage, have gone on to Montrooks."

"Great Heaven! in the face of this, would any man marry, and make himself responsible for feminine existences?" exclaimed Sir Vernon, shrugging his shoulders disgusted as he turned away; yet Jinman could have informed him that his own share of the luggage was quite equal to that of his daughters.

They were all established presently in a German railway compartment, Sir Vernon seated in his corner, and absorbed in an English newspaper, whose ample sheet excluded every glimpse of lake and wooded slopes, Alps and Jura, while Edgar smoked on the platform outside, and Daphne stood at the open door, gazing at the changing landscape: the smiling lake below; the dark slopes and mountain range on the further shore; the villages nestling in the valley on this nearer bank; the cozy little homesteads and bright gardens; the vine-clad terraces, divided by low gray walls; the quaint old churches, with tiled roofs and square clock towers; and yonder, far away at the end of the lake, Chillon's gloomy fortress, which she recognized with a cry of delight, having seen its presentment in engravings and photographs, and knowing Byron's poem by heart.

She gave a sigh of regret as a curve of the line carried her away from the azure lake and its panorama of hills.

"I can hardly bear to leave it," she said; "but, thank Heaven, we are coming back to it soon."

"You are reconciled to Switzerland, then, in spite of your disillusions?" said Gerald.

"Reconciled! I should like to live and die here."

"What! abandon your beloved Shakspeare's country?"

"I am heartily sick of Shakspeare's country."

"Daphne!" cried Edgar, with a look of deepest mortification; "that is a bad look-out for poor old Hawksyard."

"Hawksyard is a dear old place, but I don't want to be reminded of it, or of anything else in Warwickshire, now I am in Switzerland. I want to soar if I can. I am in Byron's country. He lived there"—pointing downward to where they had left Lausanne and Ouchy. "He wrote some of his loveliest poetry there; his genius is forever associated with these scenes. Sad, unsatisfied spirit."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears at the thought of that disappointed life, seeking solace from all that is loveliest in nature, shunning the beaten tracks, yet never finding peace.

"If you are very good," said Gerald, gravely, "within the next ten minutes I will show you something you are anxious to see."

"What is that?"

"Mont Blanc. Get your glass ready."

"Why, we left him behind us, across the lake, sulkily veiled in impenetrable cloud."

"He will show himself more amiable presently. You will get a good view of him in five minutes, if you focus your glass properly, and don't chatter."

Daphne spoke never a word, but stood motionless, with her landscape glass glued to her eyes, and waited as for a divine revelation.

Yes, yonder it arose, white and cloud-like, on the edge of the blue summer sky, the mighty snow-clad range of which Mont Blanc is but a detail—the grand inaccessible region; mountain-top beyond mountain-top; peak upon peak; everlasting, untrodden hills, producing nothing, pasturing nothing, stupendous and ghastly as the polar seas; a world apart from all other worlds; a spectacle to awe the dullest soul and thrill the coldest heart; a revelation of nature's Titanic beauty.

"Oh, it must have been such mountains as those that the Titans hurled about them when they fought with Zeus," cried Daphne, when she had gazed and gazed till the last gleam of those white crests vanished in the distance.

"Do you feel better?" asked Gerald, with his mocking smile.

"I feel as if I had seen the world that we are to know after death," answered Daphne.

"Would you be surprised to hear that these excrescences, which you think so grand, are but modern incidents in the history of the earth? Time was when Switzerland was one vast ice-field; nay, if we can believe Lyell, the clay of London was in course of accumulation as marine mud at a time when the ocean still rolled its waves over the space now occupied by some of the loftiest Alpine summits."

"Please don't be instructive," exclaimed Daphne. "I want to know nothing about them, except that they are there, and that they are beautiful."

At Fribourg they drove down the narrow street to the Zähringer Hof, the hotel by the suspension-bridge, where from a balcony they looked down a sheer descent to the river, and to the roofs and chimneys of the old town lying in a cleft of the hills, and yonder, suspended in mid-air, a mere spider thread across the sky, stretched the upper and longer bridge. It was nearly dinner-time when they arrived; there were dark clouds on the horizon, and only gleams of watery sunshine behind the gray old watch-towers on the crest of the hill across the river.

"I'm afraid we are going to have another storm," said Gerald, lounging against the embrasure of a window, and looking as if Fribourg, with its modern suspension-bridges and mediæval watch-towers, were just the most uninteresting place in the world. He looked thoroughly worn out and weary, as if he had been laboring hard with body and mind all day, instead of lolling in a railway carriage, staring listlessly at the landscape. Sir Vernon, the ostensible invalid, was not more languid.

"Let it come down," cried Daphne; "but whatever the weather may be, I shall go and hear the organ after dinner. There is the bell for vespers. How nice it is to find one's self in a Roman Catholic town, with vesper-bells ringing, and dear old priests and nuns and all sorts of picturesque creatures walking about the streets!"

They dined in their own sitting-room, Sir Vernon having a good old English dislike to any intercourse with unintroduced fellow-creatures: to sit at a table d'hôte with the Tom, Dick, and Harry of cockney Switzerland would have been abhorrent to him.

"We may get a worse dinner in our own room," he said, looking doubtfully at some unknown spoon-food offered to him by way of an entrée, "but we avoid rubbing shoulders with the kind of people who travel nowadays."

"Are they so much worse than the people who used to travel—"

"When I was a young man? Yes, Daphne, quite a different race," said Sir Vernon, with authority. "Gerald was right. We are in for another storm."

A quiver of livid light, a crash of thunder, and black darkness yonder behind the hills, gave emphasis to his statement. Daphne flew to the window to look at the bridges and the towers, which were almost expunged from the face of creation by a thick, blinding rain. A wagon was crawling across the nearer and lower bridge, and the whole fabric rocked under its weight.

"Nobody will dream of going to the cathedral to-night," said Sir Vernon.

But the waiter in attendance declared that every one would go. There would be a concert on the great organ from eight to nine; the cathedral was close by; there would be a carriage in waiting at ten minutes to eight to convey those guests who graciously deigned to patronize the concert, for which the waiter was privileged to dispose of tickets. Furthermore, the storm would assuredly abate before long. It was but a thunder-shower.

Daphne stood at the window watching the thunder-shower, which seemed to be drowning the lower town, and flooding the river. The rain came down in torrents; the thunder roared and bellowed over the hills; the chain-work of the suspension-bridge rattled.

Sir Vernon protested that the storm made him nervous, and retired to his room, leaving the young people to do as they pleased.

They sat in the stormy dusk sipping their coffee, ready to put on their hats and be off the minute the carriage was announced. Daphne wore a gown of some creamy-white material, which gave her a ghostly look in the gloom.

"You have heard this famous organ, Lina," she said. "Is it really worth stopping at Fribourg on purpose to hear it, when, with a little more time and trouble, one might get half way up Mont Blanc?"

"It is a wonderful organ; but you will be able to judge for yourself in a few minutes."

"We should have been getting near Chamounix by this time, if we had started by this morning's diligence," sighed Daphne.

"Restless, unsatisfied soul! still harping on the mountain," said Gerald.

"I have seen him, at least," exclaimed Daphne, clasping her hands; "that is something. Far, far away, like a glimpse of another world: but still I have seen him. Shall we see him again to-morrow, do you think, on the way to Interlaken?"

"I'm afraid not. To-morrow I shall have the honor to introduce you to the Jungfrau."

"I don't care a straw for her," exclaimed Daphne, contemptuously.

"What, not for Manfred's mountain? Can you, who have so devoured your Byron, be indifferent to the background of that gloomy individual's existence?"

"There is an interest in that, certainly; but Mont Blanc is my beau ideal of a mountain."

Here the carriage was announced. The two girls put on their hats and wraps, soft China crape and Nurpore chuddah shawls, and hurried down to the hall. The rain was still falling, the thunder still grumbling amidst distant hills. They crowded into the fly, and were jolted over stony and uneven ways to the cathedral.

They went in at a narrow little door to a great dark church, with solitary lamps dotted about here and there in the gloom. Everything had a mysterious look; the richly carved oak, the shrines, the chapels, the shrouded altar far away at the end.

There were, perhaps, a hundred people sitting about in high narrow pews, with massive carved oak seats, sitting here and there in a scattered way, all wrapped in shadow and gloom, silent, overawed, expectant.

Madoline and Daphne walked side by side up the long nave between two lines of oaken seats, the two men following; then, midway between the organ and the altar, they went into one of the pews, Lina first, then Daphne. The latter had been sitting there a minute or so, looking about the dim, dark church, before she discovered that it was Gerald, and not Edgar, who sat by her side. Edgar had taken the seat behind them.

They sat there for five or ten minutes, hushed and listening; the rain splashing on the roof, the distant thunder reverberating; nothing to be seen in the vast building but those yellow lamps gleaming here and there, and lighting up an isolated carved niche with its statue, or a pulpit, or a clustered column.

At last, when the silence, broken only by faintest whisperings among the expectant audience, had endured for what seemed a weary while, the organ pealed forth in a grand burst of sound, which swept along the arched roof, and filled the church with music. Then, after that crash of mighty chords, came tenderest phrases, a flowing melody that sank low as a whisper, and then that strain of almost supernatural likeness to the human voice rose up above the legato arpeggios of the accompaniment, and thrilled every ear—tender, angelic, a divine whisper of love and melancholy. Daphne had risen from her seat, and stood with her arms resting upon the massive wood-work in front of her, gazing up through the darkness toward that glimmering spot of light yonder, near the arch of the roof, which showed where the organ was, far away, mysterious.

Oh, that heavenly voice, with its soul-moving sadness! A rush of tears streamed from her eyes; she stretched out her hands unconsciously, as if yearning for some human touch to break the mournful spell of that divine sorrow, and the hand nearest Gerald was clasped in the darkness—clasped by a warm strong hand, which held it, and kept it—kept it without a struggle, for, alas! it lay unresistingly in his. They drew a little nearer to each other involuntarily, shudderingly happy, with the deep sense of an unpardonable guilt, a shameful treason, yet forgetting everything except that vain foolish love against which both had fought long and valiantly.

A peal of thunder on the organ within, an answering peal from the storm without; the mimic tempest blended itself with heaven's own artillery; and at the terrible sound those guilty creatures in the church let go each other's hands. Daphne clasped hers before her face, and sank on her knees.

"Pity me and help me, O God!" she prayed, and looking up, she saw just above her in a marble niche the image of the Mother of God; and in this moment of temptation and self-abandonment it seemed to her a natural thing that women should ask a woman's mediation in their hour of sorrow.

"Dies Iræ" pealed from the organ with an awful grandeur, which thrilled every listener; and then came a silence, and after that the low murmur of the storm dying away in the distance, from the overture of *William Tell*, the flute-like tones of the "Ranz-des-Vaches," telling of pastoral valleys and solemn mountains, a life of Arcadian innocence and peace.

With those lighter, gayer strains the concert ended, and they all went slowly and silently out of the church. The storm was over, and the moon was breaking through dark clouds.

"Don't let us go back in that jingling abomination of a fly," said Gerald, striding on over the wet pavement, leaving the two girls to follow with Edgar Turchill.

They picked their way through the streets. The town was all dark and quiet, save for a glimmering yellow candle here and there under a gable; there was none of the brightness and out-of-door life of a French town. A couple of omnibuses and a fly or two carried off the people who had been in the cathedral to their several hotels.

Gerald Goring was waiting for them in front of the Zähringer.

"What made you hurry on so?" asked Madoline, wonderingly.

"Did I hurry? I think it was you others who crawled. That music irritated my nerves a little. It is full of studied effects; the organist has trained himself to play upon the emotions of his audience, now rising into a heaven of seraph voices, now going down to the depths of Pandemonium. The thunder-storm and the organ together would have been too much for anybody. Oh, pray don't go in-doors yet!" he exclaimed, as they were all three moving toward the entrance of the hotel. "Let us go for a walk on the bridge. Don't you know that, after the organ, the great feature of Fribourg is the bridge?"

"If we are to be on our way to Interlaken to-morrow, we had better see all we can to-night," said the practical Edgar.

They went on the bridge, Gerald still walking ahead, and keeping in some wise aloof from them. Daphne had not spoken since they left the cathedral.

"Had the music an unpleasant effect upon you too, dear, that you are so silent?" Madoline asked, as they two walked side by side.

"It was only too beautiful," answered Daphne.

"And you are glad we came here?"

"No. Yes. I would rather have been half way up Mont Blanc."

"Poor darling! but that is a pleasure in reserve for another holiday. I know Edgar will take you wherever you like to go."

"Do you think so? What a dance I shall lead him!" cried Daphne, with a mocking laugh. "I shall not be content with Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn. I shall insist upon seeing all the extinct volcanoes, the wonderful fiery mountains that have burned themselves out. Cotopaxi is about the mildest hill he will be invited to climb."

Mr. Turchill had dropped into the background, and was quietly enjoying his cigar, unaware of the pleasures in store for him. Gerald walked ever so far ahead, cigarless, a gloomy figure.

"I'm afraid either the thunder or the organ has given Gerald one of his dreadful headaches," said Lina, anxiously.

The moon showed herself fitfully athwart hurrying clouds, now lighting up hills and watch-towers, river and rugged ravine, with a wild Salvator-Rosa-esque effect, now hidden altogether, and leaving all in gloom. Midway upon the bridge Madoline and Daphne stopped, and stood looking down into the hollow below with the quiet sleeping town, its quaint street lamps, and rare gleams of light from narrow casements, and stony ways shining after the rain. Here, when they had stood for some minutes, Edgar joined them,

having finished his cigar, and he and Madoline began to talk about the place; he questioning, she expounding its features.

While they two were talking, Gerald came slowly back, and stood by Daphne's side, a few paces apart from the others. She said never a word. They stood side by side for some minutes like statues. She was wondering if he could hear the passionate throbbing of her heart, which would not be stilled.

They were standing thus, as if bound by a spell, when a heavy wagon came creeping slowly along the bridge, making the spot on which they stood tremble and rock under their feet.

"We are hanging by a thread between time and eternity," said Gerald, drawing closer to her. "What if the thread were to snap, and drop us, hand in hand, into the black gulf of death?"

She did not shudder at the thought, but turned and looked at him in the moonlight, with a strange sad smile.

"Would you be glad?" he asked, softly.

"Yes," she answered, between a sigh and a whisper, still looking up at him with that pathetic smile; and his eyes looked fondly down into hers, losing themselves in the depths of a fathomless mystery.

"Do you know that this bridge is the second longest in the world, three hundred yards long, and a hundred and sixty-eight yards above the river?" asked Edgar Turchill's matter-of-fact tones, as he walked toward them, cheerful, contented, pleased with himself and all the world.

"For God's sake spare us a gush of second-hand Baedeker!" cried Gerald, with intense irritation. "As if any living soul, except a Cook's tourist, could care how many feet or how many yards long a bridge is! It is the effect one values, the general idea that one is on that very bridge of Al Sirât, laid over the midst of hell, and finer than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the righteous must pass to Mohammed's paradise. It is the notion of man's audacity in making perilous ways that is really delightful. When that wagon went across just now, I thought the last straw was being laid, and we were all going."

Edgar came round to Daphne with a calm air of proprietorship which made her shudder.

"What an interesting evening we have had!" he said.

"Very."

"You look pale and tired. Has it all been too much for you?" he asked, tenderly.

"I think that organ would be too much for any one."

"Do you know—I am no judge, and you mustn't laugh at me for expressing an opinion—I hardly thought it equal, as an organ, to the one at St. Paul's. I took my mother there once when all the charity children were assembled. I can't tell you what a grand sight it was, the dome lined with their fresh young faces."

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't talk about it!" cried Daphne, almost hysterically. "To compare that dark, solemn cathedral, with just a few people dotted about among the shadows, and the thunder pealing over the roof—to compare that with that pagan St. Paul's, and the dome lined with rosy-cheeked children, all white caps and pinafores, and yellow worsted stockings!"

"I was talking of the organ," replied Edgar, somewhat offended.

"Then why introduce the charity children? Oh, please let my thoughts dwell upon that dark church to-night; let me remember the music, the darkness."

"Daphne, dearest one, you are crying," exclaimed Edgar, startled at the sound of a stifled sob.

"Who would not cry at such music?"

"But so long after. You are nervous and hysterical."

"I am only tired. Please don't worry me," retorted Daphne, fretfully, wrapping herself tightly in her soft gray shawl, and quickening her pace.

She said not a word more till they were inside the Zähringer Hof, when she wished the other three a brief good-night, declaring herself utterly worn out, and tripped lightly up stairs to her room on the second story. Madoline's room was next her sister's, and when she went up, a few minutes later, and knocked at the door of communication between the two rooms, Daphne excused herself from opening it.

"I'm dreadfully sleepy, dear," she said; "please leave me alone for to-night."

"Willingly, dearest, if you are sure you are not ill."

"Not the least in the world."

"And is there nothing you want Mowser to do for you?"

"Nothing. She has unpacked my things. I have everything I want."

"Then good-night, and God bless you!"

"Good-night," answered Daphne, but invoked no blessing upon the sister she loved so well. Prayer breathed from such a guilty heart would be almost blasphemy.

She walked up and down the room for a long time—up and down, up and down—her soul filled with ineffable joy. Yes, guilty, treacherous, vile, ungrateful, as she knew herself to be, she could not stifle that wild sense of happiness, the rapture of knowing herself beloved by the man she loved. Nothing but evil could ever come out of that love; nothing but struggle and sorrow and pain; yet it was delight to have been loved, the one perfect joy which was possible for her upon this earth. To have missed it would have been never to have lived; and now death might come when it would. She had lived her life; she had had her day.

That this love was a thing of guilt, a scorpion to be crushed and trodden under her foot, she never questioned. Not for an instant did it enter into her mind that she could profit by Gerald Goring's inconstancy, that she was to take to herself the lover whose faith had been violated by to-night's revelation. Never did it occur to her that any alteration in his future or hers was involved in the admissions which each had made to the other.

"He knows that I love him; he knows how weak and vile I am," she said to herself. "If Lina were to know too? If she were to see me with the mask off my face, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude I should seem to her! Oh, I should die of shame. I could never endure the discovery. And to make her unhappy—her to whom I owe so much, my dearest, my best, the guardian angel of my life! Oh, Lina! Lina! if you knew!"

She flung herself on her knees beside the bed, and, with hands clasped above her head, breathed her passionate prayer.

"Let me die to-night. O Thou who knowest how vile and weak I am, let me die to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER COOPER.

On Saturday, February 12, Peter Cooper completed his ninetieth year. The occasion was celebrated by an address delivered in his honor at the institution of which he is the founder, by the presentation to him of resolutions expressing the gratitude and affection of the students in that institution, and by a gathering of friends at his residence. But these limited demonstrations scarcely represent the universal and affectionate regard in which Mr. Cooper is held among all classes of his fellow-citizens, and thousands beyond sea.

This homage is rendered not merely to age—how many a white head commands little reverence!—nor to business success, which is too common among us to excite special admiration; nor to inventive power and enterprise, though in these particulars Mr. Cooper has earned and received both praise and fame; but to simple, spontaneous, active goodness, to a philanthropy which is what it professes to be, a genuine love of man, a transparent sincerity, a fervid zeal, and an unwearied activity in the presence of which all must feel but one sentiment.

The career of Peter Cooper may be cited in many aspects as an illustration of the beneficent effect of American institutions; and it is well for us to be reminded occasionally, in the midst of our conflicts with abuses and our endeavors at reform, which tend to breed a spirit of cynicism or despondency, that the possibility of such a career among us is a testimony to the value and substantial success of free government outweighing all its defects and dangers.

The single element of freedom of occupation, untrammelled by either law or custom, constitutes a vast difference between this country and most others, in the atmosphere which stimulates ambition and encourages perseverance. When we read that Peter Cooper, during his active life, learned and practiced the trade of a hatter, then served his time as apprentice to a coach-maker, then set up the manufacture of cloth-shearing machines invented by himself, then engaged in the grocery business, then established in succession a glue factory and several iron-works, we realize that such a record of manifold enterprise would scarcely be possible under any other political and social system than ours. The story is all the more significant because it does not include bankruptcy or business failure as a factor of change. It is simply the narrative of quick perception, and sanguine, unconquerable courage, freely choosing and boldly pursuing the path that promises legitimate advantage.

Mr. Cooper's inventions and investments also owe their success to peculiarly American conditions, and to the enterprising spirit which those conditions foster. It is true that British capital actually laid the ocean cable; but it is not less true that the faith of Peter Cooper, evidenced in the darkest hour of that undertaking by the advance of considerable sums, re-enforced the energy of Mr. Field, and carried the scheme over its "dead point."

But above all other achievements and merits rises that stately monument of wise beneficence, the Cooper Union of Science and Art, with its thousands of students in day and night classes, its corps of trained instructors, its ample apparatus and collections, its magnificent free reading-room and library, and its free popular lectures, delivered by eminent authorities in literature, art, and science, and attended by crowded and intelligent audiences. The conception of this institution dawned upon its founder a quarter of a century before he was able to realize it. The formation of such a plan by a young and poor man, and the patient pursuit of it through so many years, is remarkable. We have heard that Mr. Cooper not only resolved to establish the institution, but selected the site, of which he did not then own a foot, and that he bought, lot by lot, and at increasing prices, as the city extended, and as his purpose became known, the block now occupied by the spacious building which bears his name. The corner-stone was laid in 1855; and during the following years the edifice was completed, in spite of the danger to Mr. Cooper's private business involved in the withdrawal from it of large sums at a period of commercial peril. It is said that he declared to his business associates that he was too old, and had waited too long already, to postpone for such considerations the execution of his greatest and dearest life-work. His noble and generous persistency has met with double reward. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Though the Cooper Union cost him (apart from later endowments) $634,000, his fortune was not destroyed by his liberality; while, on the other hand, that life, the apprehended brevity of which spurred him to immediate endeavor of benevolence, has been prolonged until a generation has grown up around him to bear witness to the fruitful harvest of his labors.

We may claim all this, also, as a product of American institutions. What in other days and other lands has been done slowly and not always well by princes and governments, it is our peculiar glory to do by the spontaneous liberality and pure ambition of the private citizen. Christianity, wedded to Liberty, has no fairer child than this.

The best proof of the power of such a spirit as Mr. Cooper's life incarnates to command the reverence and love of all men is found in the circumstance that the universal regard for him exists in spite of the profound disapproval felt by the majority of his intelligent fellow-citizens for the opinions in matters of public finance of which he has recently been the earnest advocate. Not one of those who deem his political principles erroneous, and lament that a character so pure should be pledged to propositions so mischievous, doubts for an instant his perfect sincerity, or his intense belief that the measures he proposes would benefit the community. These mistakes (as we consider them) are proofs of a sensitive and unselfish benevolence, and we may also add, though without pausing to explain the statement, are in many particulars characteristically American.

In view of these aspects of his life, it is with patriotic as well as personal affection that we congratulate Mr. Cooper upon the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Americans in London laugh at the flurry made in the English newspapers about the recent severe weather, and say that the snow-storm that threw the British metropolis into a panic would be considered third rate only in New York. But the Londoners were not prepared for it, and were in consequence frozen up. Water-pipes burst in all the houses, and the citizens were compelled to draw their supply from the public hydrants. A correspondent tells of one family where the children were washed in soda-water for want of the common article. The consequences were disastrous: within three days the little ones were covered with a frightful rash.

In the far West the winter has been severer than for many years past. The accumulation of snow in the mountains and on the plains is said to be unprecedented. Sheep-raisers have suffered great losses. One firm in Montana lost more than half its stock. The sheep wandered away from the feeding-places during a tempest, and it was found impossible to get them back or to carry hay to them, although there was a plentiful supply on hand.

One curious feature of the winter in Omaha is the feeding of crows by the inhabitants. Crows are appreciated out there as useful scavengers, and are protected by law in some places. The long-continued snow has covered up their food, and but for the care they receive they would die of starvation.

A Texas landlord has adopted a novel way to make money. He requires his guests to pay for their dinner in advance, and then, just as they get seated, two big fellows, rigged up as desperadoes, jump up, get into a fight, and begin to fire blank-cartridged revolvers in a reckless and promiscuous manner. The guests climb out of the windows and rush for the doors in a wild scramble for life, and few of them come back to eat the dinner they have paid for.

The New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* gives an entertaining description of how the Chinese New-Year was celebrated by the Celestials in this city. At one Chinese club-house in Mott Street he was invited to partake of refreshments.

"On the table," he writes, "were eight dishes to be eaten out of in common: a dish of greasy candy—velly good; a red jelly, with wooden toothpicks sticking up in it; a pan of desiccated hash of some kind—I did not inquire its pedigree; some boiled rice, and some tea. I chewed up some of the dry and brittle Celestial hash, and actually swallowed it, and I licked some of the jelly off the toothpicks, and stuck them up again, as I saw others do. It was very palatable. A distinguished Chinaman was sitting at the table, and he would go for one grain of rice with the chopsticks, and snap it up as unerringly as a humming-bird snaps up a mustard seed. I never see our almond-eyed brother eat with chopsticks without feeling that he belongs to a superior race."

Whittier has written the following interesting letter to a lady engaged in an "Author's Carnival" at Cleveland, Ohio:

"I certainly never dreamed, when writing 'Snow-bound,' and making a pen-picture of the old house at Haverhill, that it could be ever deemed worthy of a 'counterfeit presentation'; but if it can aid a good cause, I have no objection. To the inquiry in regard to it I would say that the mantel-piece was at least ten feet long, and fire-place wide enough to take in a five-foot log. There was an oven with a wooden leg on one side of it. The andirons were tall, quaint, and wide-legged. A brass warming-pan shone like a setting moon against the wall of the kitchen. Nearly opposite the fire-place stood the great cupboard, with its pewter plates and platters. In one corner was the old desk, with drawers, and slanting cover let down to write upon. The old bull's-eye watch hung over the mantel. The characters mentioned were all in Friends' garb, save the school-master and the guest, Miss Livermore, whose Spanish-looking face and black eyes were conspicuous in the fire-light, How plainly I can see it all!"

A correspondent writes as to the meaning of the symbolical breaking in pieces of a brittle vessel after the marriage contract is read at a Jewish wedding, and quotes the following explanation, given in *Brown's Dictionary to the Bible*, a work of the last century:

"Wine is brought in a brittle vessel, and being six times blessed, the married couple drink thereof, and the rest of it, in token of joy, is cast on the ground; then the bridegroom, in memory of the ruin of their city and temple, with force dashes the vessel to the ground."

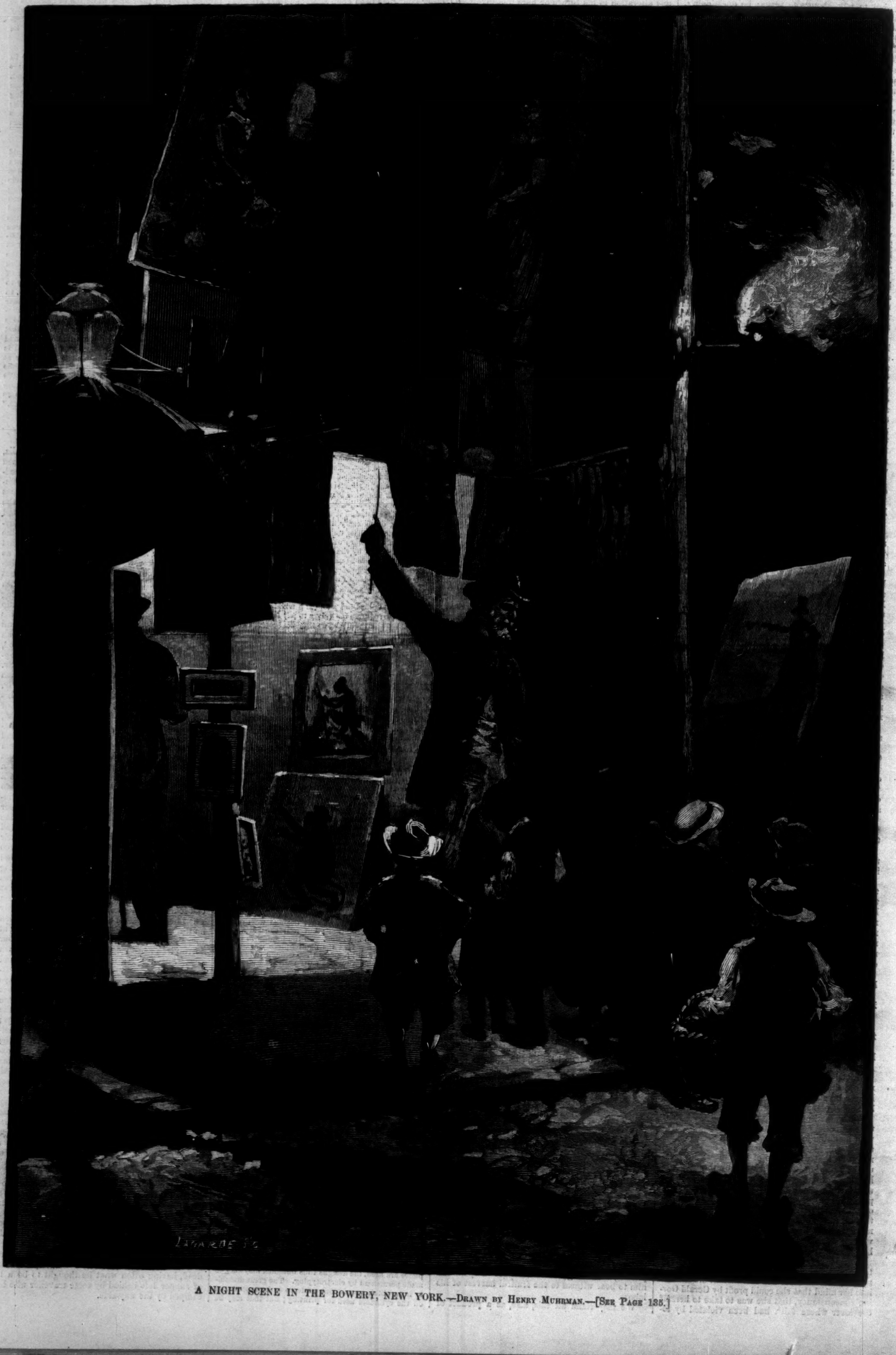
The curious arabesques produced on window-panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystallization. He has made experiments with solutions of the sulphates of zinc, copper, iron, alumina, and magnesia, with which plates of glass were covered, and then allowed to dry slowly at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited form a great variety of fanciful figures—flowers, feathers, stars, etc. These may be fixen by the addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrotyping. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystallization is, however, frequently irregular, and leaves blank spaces, which spoil the harmony of the design; but that defect will probably be overcome by experience.

Last year the Empress of Austria spent £20,000 in Ireland, where she passed the hunting season, and this year will probably spend as much more in England, thus gracefully returning the money (£16,000) which the people of that country sent to relieve her suffering subjects at Szegedin when that city was flooded. The fact that thousands of her Imperial Majesty's subjects are now starving in Agram does not seem to lessen her keen relish for sport.

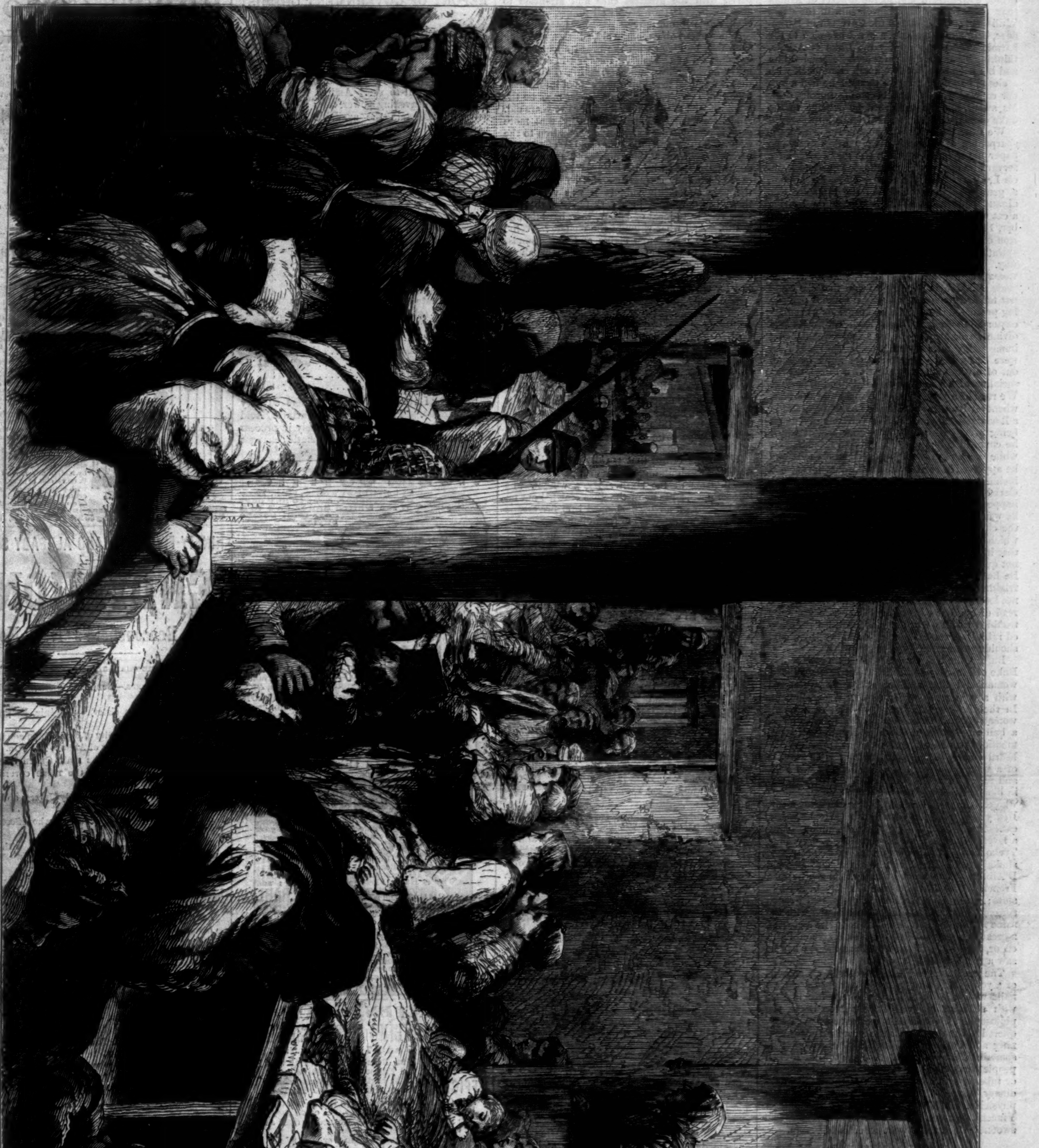
Few towns in the world can boast of a more rapid growth than Kimberley, the head-quarters of the South African diamond diggings. Eleven years ago not a hut stood where now about 16,000 people, with a trade of more than £2,000,000, form one of the most thriving communities on the African continent. It has been recently discovered that the town is built upon land which promises to be as productive of diamonds as the neighboring "diggings," which have been the source of its wealth and the very origin of its existence. Kimberley is identical with the "New Rush" diamond settlement of 1870; and the thousands who flocked to the locality to secure a "claim" in the valuable reefs, which have been worked further and further to the east of the site of the future town, were in such a hurry to seek their fortune in the diggings that they forgot to inquire whether the soil on which they pitched their tents or erected their log-huts was not equally diamondiferous. As the wooden shanties have given place to more substantial buildings, it has been found that Kimberley itself has been built on a diamond field, and that the west end or residential part of the town is as full of gems as the actual diggings themselves at the eastern or working end of the town. New claims are being taken up in all directions, and land which was beginning to acquire considerable value as building sites has suddenly assumed fresh importance as possibly containing some new "Star of South Africa."

WILD DOGS.

The wild dog, dingo, or warrigal, of Australia, as he is indifferently called, is very easily tamed when caught young, but never loses his blood-thirsty proclivities. I once found a litter comfortably established inside the dried-up carcass of a defunct bullock. We took home one of the pups, about a month old; he very soon adapted himself to circumstances, took kindly to milk, played with the other dogs, and behaved himself like any other puppy, save in this, that when scolded or kicked for any mischief, of which he was as full as a monkey, he would not stick his tail between his legs and yelp, like any other puppy, but shake himself defiantly, and snap savagely, with a fierce snarl, at his assailant. As a wild dog grows older he must be chained up, or he will nip the heads off all the fowls in the place with his steel-trap jaws. One we had used to devote all his cunning to killing cats, at which he was an adept. An old dog, brought up from puppyhood, will not snap and growl, when punished, as a puppy will, but will take his castigation very meekly. I knew a warrigal, a very handsome one, which would go out with the kangaroo dogs regularly, and assist *con amore* at the slaughter of any of his own kind. No animal that I have ever heard of seems to delight in bloodshed, for bloodshed's sake, so thoroughly as a warrigal, unless it be man himself. I have known one dog kill or fatally wound sixty sheep in one night, generally tearing them under the flank. He will only condescend to eat the fattest of the flock. I once came across a score or so of sheep which had been lost from a travelling flock, in an angle of a large river. Two old dogs were sitting on the false bank, superintending the efforts of five puppies to slaughter these sheep. The old ones seemed to confine themselves to keeping the sheep in the angle, and were doubtless instructing and advising their youthful hopefuls. We had three good kangaroo dogs with us, and killed the two old dingoes and four out of the five puppies. I have killed a dog single-handed two or three times, but it requires a very clever and handy horse, and takes a great deal out of him. The dog will run straight on end four or five miles, and will begin to dodge only when he is so beaten that you can flog him; then he will soon sit up under some bush, snapping at you, and you can knock him on the head with your stirrup iron at your leisure. Trust him not when apparently dead; a warrigal has nine lives, and will sham dead persistently. I have seen one, after being fearfully worried by a lot of savage hounds, submit to have his brush cut off without showing a sign of life, and at last, as we were mounting to ride off, open one eye to calculate the chances of escape. They are very handsome dogs; never bark; their howl is one of the most melancholy of sublunary sounds, and sends all the dogs on a station half crazy with anger and excitement. They are easily killed with strychnine in a district where poison has not been much used, but it is almost impossible to poison a dog that has once tasted, without being killed by, a bait. The usual procedure is to run a trail of strong-smelling offal, or a singed sheep-skin suspended to the axle of some vehicle, and drop on it, at intervals of two or three hundred yards, pieces of meat rolled in paper, to prevent the crows from taking them, and seasoned with a few grains of strychnine. These baits are laid on a road or cattle track, which the wild dogs are very fond of following. Some bury the bait, as a dog will almost always eat the meat which he takes the trouble to dig up. With a cunning dog far more elaborate means are taken. A nice piece of liver, dosed with strychnine, is toasted all night over a wood fire, and then thrown a yard or two away from the supposed camp. From first to last it is not touched with the hands, but carried or held with forked sticks. In the morning the enemy is found dead, having eaten what he thought to be a bit of supper left behind by some traveller who had camped by the way-side.



A NIGHT SCENE IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Henry Muhrman.—[See Page 135.]



VOLUNTARY FEMALE PRISONERS IN THE CENTRAL DISMISSAL PRISON AT MOSCOW.

DISMISSAL PRISON, MOSCOW.

THE unfortunate Russians who are condemned to exile in Siberia are collected at some central point before setting out upon their long and painful journey. Moscow is one of these points, and sometimes several hundred wretched creatures are confined together, waiting for the order to start. Their mothers, wives, sisters, and children often accompany them thus far, and find shelter for three or four days under the roof of the "Dismissal Prison," as it is called, whence the journey to Siberia is to be made. At the end of that time, they must decide whether to return home, or accompany their relatives into exile, and share with them the rigors of banishment in a cold and dreary region.

Our picture shows the women's department of the prison. The inmates are waiting to be let out into the yard, where their relatives and friends are to be mustered and counted. At the time of our artist's visit, there were about five hundred prisoners collected and awaiting orders at Moscow. The scene was harrowing in the extreme. The women and children were crying and moaning piteously, for whether they were to part with their loved ones or go with them, their future must be dark and sorrowful.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.

WE often meet with persons who profess a loathing or dislike of some particular object, which forms an idiosyncrasy in their nature that we can not account for; but it oftener turns out either that the supposed involuntary antipathy can be overcome by effort of will, or that it is a foolish affectation. A few well-authenticated cases of this kind are given in *Chambers's Journal*.

It is said of the Duke of Schomberg, for instance, that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and some one else had so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal that he would not even pass under a signboard with a cat painted on it. It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet, from his sixth to his fourteenth year, could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens, because they were watered by the river Moskva; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not endure any musical instrument, although he delighted in thunder. Grebry, the composer, and Anne of Austria, were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

The learned Dr. Beattie tells us of healthy, strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman, the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pansy an abomination, and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses, and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Cardan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a sprig of rue. An author tells us that, provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would

rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. William Matthews, son of the Governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room, and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the duke or himself had not his friends interposed.

We hear from the philosophic Boyle that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. Chesne, secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same indisposition on hearing a cat mew. In the *Universal Magazine* for October, 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affected in this way. Elsewhere is related an account of a young woman at Schelestat, Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring profusely, though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. John Pechmann, a learned divine, never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were suffocated. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a brush, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. We read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard the servant sweeping; and in a Roman Catholic magazine we are told of a monk being served with a dish of craw-fish, at which he changed color, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down his face, and he appeared in so languid a state that he seemed inclined to fall from his seat. He afterward declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened, but at the same time related that as he was one day preaching, he observed a boy at the church door with a craw-fish in his hand, on which he instantly felt the strongest emotion, and that he should have become speechless if he had not quickly turned his eyes from the object. M. De Lancre gives an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he dare not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another man was subdued by a cold shoulder of mutton.

Burton, the traveller, tells us that a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he but looked upon a woman, and that another anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. In the *Universal Magazine* we read of a young woman of Namur who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was in bloom. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror on seeing a lily. Henry III. of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. The Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, though a hare had no effect upon him. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly affected on seeing a fox, and Marshal D'Albert at the sight of a pig. We hear of a French lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while Ambrose Paré, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weakness when he saw an eel. M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, felt dizzy and fainted, or, if he had time, he would run away, when he saw a roasted pig.

The credulous Dr. Mather records an account of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his nails with a knife in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odor of jonquils, or tube-roses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses. Orfila, the distinguished French physician, furnishes an account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned when there were roses in the room.

FEEDING THE BABY.

When a child begins to show that wonderful wee morsel of ivory called a front tooth, it must be looked upon as a gentle reminder that he would like—he would not object to—something with a little more stay in it than milk alone. Well, there is pap to begin with, and all sorts of ways of preparing it. If it be made from bread, the bread should be somewhat stale, without being sour; you can not be sure that there is no alum in it, or other deleterious substance, so it ought in all cases to be soaked for an hour or two in cold water, the water poured off, and the best of new milk added, with a little sugar; the whole should be beaten with a fork, and beaten well, too, to make sure that no lumps are left in it. Of this you may give two meals a day, and some children will want three. Still I greatly object to overfeeding infants, and I would much rather give a child less than he would take, remembering that it is not what he eats, but what he digests, that does him good, and that a distended stomach is, for the time being, a weakened, thin-walled stomach, which has not the power to mix the food. Never force a child to eat quickly, else the food will not get mingled with the salivary juice, and therefore will not assimilate. Always taste the food first to see it is not too warm, and that it is moderately sweet. I need not give receipts for other "paps," which may be made of biscuit, rusks, corn flour, arrowroot, etc.; a nurse can always manufacture these, but they should be prepared with the greatest care and attention to cleanliness. If they are at all lumpy, or singed even, they will not agree.

When about nine months old, a little nourishing soup may be given with the bread about once a day, instead of the milk. I am not in any great hurry advising this, however. Milk contains all that is required to supply the wants of infant life; therefore I say, milk, milk, *milk*—let milk be the staple of your child's diet till four or five years old. And here let me say, parenthetically, that more good is often done by sending city children to the country for three months than could be effected by a year's residence at the sea-side. Many a child I could tell you of who, having been put under the care of a kindly cottager or small farmer, from the pale and sickly subject it was when sent there, has developed in a very few months into your very beau ideal of happy, rosy, hard-fleshed health. And what wrought the change? Why, the change itself—new sights and new sounds, everything new and everything strange, and, above all, pure air and *pure milk*. The country has one other advantage over the sea-side as a health resort for children—it is far less expensive.

A PERILOUS ESCAPE.

On the 9th of February a fire broke out in the cellar of the Western Electric Manufacturing building, in New Church Street. It was directly under the stairway, and the smoke rolled up through the building in volumes so dense that the utmost confusion ensued. The building has a height of six stories, in the topmost one of which were employed thirty-five women, who were unable to escape down the stairs on account of the smoke.

While the crowd that rapidly assembled was watching the building, anxious about the fate of the inmates of the sixth story, a window was thrown open, and one of the girls crawled out on the balcony of an old-fashioned iron fire-escape that ran down the front of the building. She was without wraps of any kind, her hair was flying in the wind, and as she began to descend the iron ladder slowly, the smoke curling about her form lent to the picture an aspect of danger that caused the crowd to surge forward in great numbers. The girl was speedily followed by others, who swarmed out of the window, and descended the fire-escape so closely that they trod on each other's fingers on the way down. A fire-ladder was raised to the second story, where the fire-escape ended, and in this way all of the girls reached the street in safety. A sketch of this thrilling incident will be found on page 137.

WORTH ATTENDING TO AT ONCE.

If your wife does not already know about the "Automatic" or "No Tension" Sewing Machine, trial at home can be arranged. Ladies careful of health, and appreciating the best, will now have no other. Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color and beauty.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

Rev. E. P. Roe, well known as a Presbyterian clergyman, and whose books have become almost as familiar as household words, commences his new story,

"WITHOUT A HOME,"

In the *Congregationalist*, Feb 9. Mr. Roe has sat with judges day after day in the police courts of New York, and has been accumulating his material for this book for several years, and it will undoubtedly be the *best* from his pen thus far.

Mr. Roe's story will continue for nine or ten months, and in order to accommodate the thousands desiring the paper, it will be sent till the close of the serial for $2.00.

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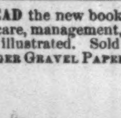

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REPORT OF GOVERNMENT CHEMIST ON BAKING POWDERS.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of the Baking Powders.	*Available Gas. Cubic inches per each ounce Powder.*	*Comparative worth per lb.*
"Royal" (cream tartar powder	127.4	50 cts.
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	125.2	49 "
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122.5	48 "
" " old	32.7	13 "
"Hanford's None Such"	121.6	47¾ "
"Redhead's"	117.0	46 "
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9	46 "
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9	44 "
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz)	110.8	43 "
"Czar"	106.8	42 "
"Dr. Price's Cream"	102.6	40 "
"Lewis's Condensed"	98.2	38½ "
"Andrews's Pearl"	93.2	36¼ "
"Hecker's Perfect"	92.5	36 "

Note.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

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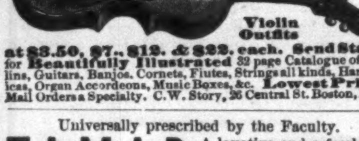

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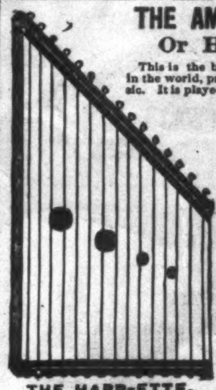

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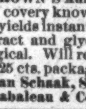

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